

# UPCOMING EVENTS

**COL. MARGETTS,**  
 accompanied by  
**1st-Captain Manton,**  
 will visit  
 Thurs. and Fri., March  
 9, and Sat. and Sun., March 10,  
 11, Monday, March 12.

**COL. MRS. READ,**  
 Rescue Secretary  
 T AND CONDUCT SPECIAL  
 AT SERVICES

at  
 Sat., Sun. and Mon., March  
 9, 10, 11,  
 Thurs. and Fri., March  
 12, 13,  
 Sat., Sun. and Mon., March  
 14, 15, 16,  
 Tues. and Wed., March 17, 18,  
 Thurs., March 19.

## **JOR TURNER**

and Conduct Special Meet-  
 the following places :-

1. Sat. and Sun., March 10.  
 2. n. and Tues., March 12, 13  
 Wed., Thurs. and Fri.,  
 14, 15, 16,  
 Sat. and Sun., March 17.  
 3. Sat., Sun. and Mon.,  
 14, 15, 16,  
 Tuesday, March 17.  
 Wednesday, March 18.  
 4. Friday, April 6.  
 5. Sat., Sun. and Mon., April  
 7, 8, 9.  
 6. ay to Monday, April 13 to  
 Tuesday, April 14.

## **ute of Financial Speciale.**

**IGN BURROWS.**  
 s. and Fri., March 8, 9,  
 and Sun., March 10, 11,  
 Mon. and Tues., March 12,  
 Wednesday, March 13.

**GN HODDINOTT.**  
 Thursday, March 8.  
 1. Sat. and Sun., March 9.

day, March 12.  
 day, March 13.  
 day, March 14.

**IGN PARKER.**  
 Thursday, March 8.  
 Friday, March 9.  
 1. Sat. and Sun., March

**NSIGN PERRY**  
 Tuesday, March 8.  
 day, March 9.  
 1. Sat. and Sun., March 10, 11,  
 12, Tues. and Wed., March

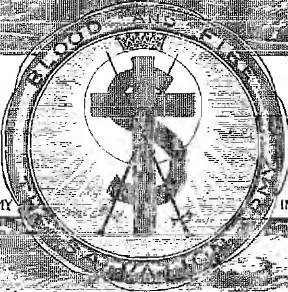
**SIGN STAIGERS.**  
 day, March 8.  
 day, March 9.  
 Sun. and Mon., March 10.

**SIGN ANDREWS.**  
 Thursday, March 8.  
 and Sun., March 10, 11.  
 Monday, March 12.  
 1. Tues. and Wed., March

THE

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 25

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
 General.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
 General-Secretary.

Price, 5 Cents.



## **ANSWER HIM SOFTLY.**

Speak to him softly. You cannot know  
 In the depths below,  
 How sharp was the struggle, the fight he made,  
 For the price he paid,  
 And yielded himself to the tempter's power  
 In a lusty hour.

Plead with him softly, for it may be  
 Like the sturdy tree  
 Which rooted in many a storm its strength,  
 To be rent at length.  
 He struggled full on, and resisted well,  
 Though at last he fell.

Answer him softly, lest you be tried  
 On your weaker side,  
 And fall, as before you so many have done,  
 Who in thought had won.  
 Fall, too, ere temptation had spent its force  
 In its subtle course.

Talk with him softly, for none can tell,  
 When the storm-clouds swell,  
 Whose back shall weather the tempest or whose  
 Its centre shall feel.  
 Speak gently (the weakest may stand the gale -  
 The stoutest may fall).

### SOCIAL INCIDENT FROM DAWSON CITY

Others have come direct from the hospital, who were not able to pay high prices for food, and had to have care. American Relief Committee last winter sent scurvy patients, who received proper food, etc., and were cured. No one has ever been refused work or food. The place at present has all it can accommodate."

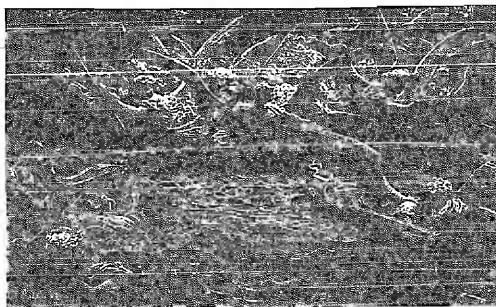
John ———, a poor drunkard and outcast, who had sunk as low as it is almost possible to do in the social scale, came to one of our Shelters for food and lodgings. While attending one of the meetings, the Spirit of God strove with him. He was faithfully dealt with about his sins, and at the same time told of a pitying Saviour's love, with the result that he sought forgiveness while kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

At the present time John is the officer in charge of one of our Social Institutions. He has been saved to save others. Oh, the grace of God, what marvels have been wrought by it!

By ADJT. PATTERSON.

The following is a race which has come under my observation since coming to the West. We will call him George. He had worked himself up from being an errand boy, until he became the head salesman in a large firm, and frequently was sent abroad to purchase goods for his employers. Poor George, not being a man of good character, was inclined to do him good; he was lending a first life, and acquired the habit of drinking, which soon dragged him down until he was not to be relied upon. He was discharged from the firm and became an habitual drunkard.

George was unknown to the Salvation Army officers until one day he made application for something to eat. Although he was under the influence of drink, he showed that he had some principle left. He said (after getting his dinner, "I have no money to pay for it, but I understand you can supply me with food." So poor George went out and cut the first wood he had ever cut in his life. The perspiration rolled from his face. He said that he was going to stick to it. He ended by breaking the saw, and chopping the handle of an axe, so the man who was in charge of the



## February 25th to April 2nd, 1900

**Enlistment Week—Sunday, March 25th, to Saturday, March 31st.**

**Universal Enrolment of Soldiers — Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.**

(Written by a man helped by our Dawson City Shelter.)

Half a rick, half a rick upward,  
All to the cold wood yard  
Crawled the chilled brigade.  
"Forward, the snow-dust brigade.  
Charge the black pile!" he said  
All to the cold wood yard,  
Crawled the chilled brigade.

"Forward, the saw-dust brigade!"  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the sawyers knew  
Fortune had blundered;  
Their's not to make reply,  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to *saw* or die,  
All to the cold wood yard,  
Crawled the chilled brigade.

Cold winds to right of them,  
Cold winds to left of them,  
Cold winds in front of them,  
Blew on them freezing them.  
Charged at with flinky snow-balls,  
Boldly they sawed and well,  
Out on the cold, cold snows,  
Out in the ebilly winds,  
Worked the saw-dust brigade.

Flashed all their dull saws bare,  
Wriggling here and there,  
Charging a forest,  
While all the town wondered,  
Plunged in the saw-dust cloud.  
Right through the pile they cut,  
Dry wood and green wood,  
Reeled from the buck saw's stroke,  
Severed and sundered,  
Then they came back.

But not, not as they went,  
Heels half frore and fingers benumbed  
Ross and McDonald embryo million-  
aires,  
Miller and Holland, two single rickers  
Frohen and Trow with his wrecked  
eye-glass,  
Crawled back to beans and green tea  
When shall their glory fade ?  
Oh, the wild charge they made !  
Adjutant and tenmaster wondered,  
Honor the charge they made !  
Honor the saw-dust brigade,  
Noble rick-builders !

The life of which we tell was a loveless one until the Lord of Love came and filled it with Himself.

Annie had just the faintest memory of the pale patient face of someone with a wealth of golden hair, like her own, that fell in shining clusters on the pillow of the bed by which she often stood, while a thin, white hand gently touched her own, and a faint whisper called her "darling" and "mother's little girl."

But one sad day, while still a child, Annie stood by that bedside for the last time, and wondered that no loving word was spoken, and that the white hands were folded and still. Then someone told her that her mother was taking her long sleep; and as everyone walked about the darkened house on tip-toe, she thought it strange that they let her mother sleep so long, and seemed so afraid of waking her.

By-and-bye a day came when Annie  
was told to

Call Someone Else "Mother."

but even the child somehow understood that this was only a name that gave another woman the right to demand obedience, without the love that should prompt it. So she refused and rebelled; became restless and unhappy, and home was home no longer.

In time there came into the void of the love-starved life one who promised to more than fill it—to flood it with joy and love. But it was only a little time—a very little time—before Annie found that this love was also dead. It was lost and gone, not in the death that brings closed eyes and peaceful silence; but in that worse death of cruel falsehood, and bitter wrong and desertion.

After a few months there was an hour that brought Annie a new joy. God meant that the joy, which comes with motherhood, should be a chord of heavenly harmony, of which all other loves are but the single notes. But for Annie motherhood had so much of minor music that it proved but a sad and broken melody waiting out.

### Reminders of Her Shame

Turned from her father's door, with her child in her arms, she spent her last shillings in securing a lodging for a few days. When her money was gone she paced the streets for days, an unheeded outcast, shut out, it seemed, from all human pity or regard.

Then it was, in that darkest hour, when all earthly love was dead, the sweet influences of Love Divine found an entrance into her soul. Sanctified human love was, by God's grace, the golden cord that drew her to Himself, to find the unchanging Love that alone can satisfy.

In her hour of need Annie applied to the Salvation Army, and in its Rescue House her second child was born, the same day to day. But in her distress God came into her heart through human sympathy. It was so strangely sweet to have someone to care for her, to wipe away her tears, to wait for her words, to watch for her smile.

So, when the Salvation Army officer told her of another love, of which there was only the reflection, *the love of One*. Who went to Calvary for them and her. She understood. If these, His servants, loved her so, what must His love be? And the broken spirit and loveless life cried out for this Jesus, lover of her soul, and in Him found all that satisfies.

In the love that streams from the Cross Annie is to-day living.—The Deliverer.

### After a Fall

The next thing to do after a fall, either naturally or spiritually, is to rise again. Just as our natural instinct is to resume the perpendicular attitude when we have been tripped up bodily, so we should let our instinct to resume our attitude upon the perpendicular carry us into sin. It is true that we cannot do this without help, but the help is there for anyone who will take it. David shows us where it is, and how to get it, in his great psalm of repentance, the 51st. It was down in the mire of life badly when he wrote it, but he still knew where his help was, and Who could wash off all the mire. He does not try to belittle his sin, but he magnifies the grace that could deal with it. He has thus put the message of triumph over the lips of all who are sorrowing sinners for all the time. Sin has any sense, he must rise having tripped David up that time.

## Being

We cannot be passing around here to-night, and the Elephant, I am going into the temple, and the door was, to your flower of Son working-man—other two big attracting crowd. I asked myself what shall we do to me—"Proclaim higher than Fighting."

I passed on.  
You were ear-  
gree, that gos-  
see in this bu-  
niversary nigh-  
not satisfacto-

What are the  
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as men and w  
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They say that  
it had to be,  
is, anyway,  
the love of  
the people to  
lasting, and  
warning them  
of men's hom-  
and children.  
The theatre  
rooms are full.  
This day  
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invaded God-  
tens of thou-  
multitudes  
prisons by  
Shall we do  
all means I  
wanted. The  
you must  
attack you  
evident. Yet  
other words  
(Voices, "A

It is admirable to see our under-privileged people showing strength of character and strong nationalistic feeling. I am sure they will win. Instead of being the best men or women as far off victory as war broke out, they are now in the danger zone. We must get rid of the absence of people in the front line. Increased financial support and organization of pride, Don't, don't let them lose honor of their Master, trust Nip them in the front, in the back, and no enemy has a chance. "We are going to win."

Then, it  
generals the  
surprise,  
admits this  
berg, and I  
not expect  
hid away in  
trenchment  
so they w  
quite fair,  
rule of si



ave told was a loveless  
ard of Love came and  
himself.

the faintest memory  
face of someone with  
hair, like her own,  
clusters on the pillow  
which she often stood,  
hand gently touched  
and whisper called her  
"her little girl."  
while still a child,  
I beside for the last  
that no loving word  
that the white hand-  
still. Then someone  
I asked myself the question, "My God!  
what shall we do?" The answer came  
to me—"Proclaim war. Haist the banner  
higher than ever, of the Gospel of  
Fighting."

Also "Mother,"  
somehow understood  
a name that gave  
right to demand  
the love that should  
refused and rebelled:  
unhappy, and home

me into the world of  
and who refused to  
live with joy and  
only a little time, a  
ore Annie found that  
dead. It was lost and  
th that brings closed  
believe, but in that  
of falsehood, and bit-  
terness.

There was an hour  
a new joy. God  
which comes with  
back a chord of heart-  
which all other loves  
dates. But for Annie  
much of minor music  
a sad and broken

Her Shame.  
father's door, with  
is, she spent her last  
a lodging for a few  
money was gone she  
or days, an unmet  
out, it seemed, from  
and  
at that darkest hour,  
ove was dead, the  
Love Divine found  
soul. Sanctified hu-  
man's grace, the golden  
to himself, to find  
to that alone can ant-

and Annie applied to  
and in its Reser-  
child was born, the  
But in her distress  
ent through human  
o strangely sweet to  
re for her, to wipe  
wait for her words,  
ille.

after Army officers-  
ove, of which there  
ion, of the love of  
alway for them and  
If these, His ser-  
want must His love  
a spirit and loveless  
Jesus, lover of her  
and all that satisfies  
name from the Cross  
g.—The Deliverer.

## Fail

o do after a fall,  
initially, is to rise  
natural instinct is  
unfamiliar attitude  
rippled up bodily, so  
thick to resume our  
sses after my fall  
that we cannot do  
the help is there  
I take it. David  
and how to get it,  
of repentance, the  
down in the mire  
wrote that poem,  
here his help was,  
off all the mire,  
while his sin, but  
ce that could den-  
this put the lan-  
guage upon the lips  
for all time. If  
must be true having  
time.

# LESSONS OF THE WAR.

Being the Substance of an Address by Commissioner Nicol.

We cannot be indifferent as to what is passing around us. As I came along here to-night, and jumped off the bus at the Elephant, I saw a multitude streaming into the theatre and the great Cow-pole, and the dome bidding defiance, as it were, to you and me, caged with the flower of South London's wealth—the working-man—and then I looked at the other two big gin-palaces right opposite, attracting crowds of the same class, and I asked myself the question, "My God! what shall we do?" The answer came to me—"Proclaim war. Haist the banner higher than ever, of the Gospel of Fighting."

I passed on. I joined you in the ring. You were carrying out, in a small degree, that gospel, with what result we see in this hall, on this nineteenth anniversary night. To say the least, it is not satisfactory. Who is to blame? What are the causes of your comparative failure? Let us think, and think as men and women of God, and as individuals. There is a terrible war raging in South Africa, as you know, and as perhaps some of you know to your sorrow. May God, in His infinite wisdom, intervene, and prevent its prolongation! (Pervent amens.) I think that the South African war may teach us, on this anniversary night, some important lessons—lessons which, if we carry out in a right spirit, may largely, if not entirely, help us to grapple with and overcome the difficulties we have to contend with. Remember that this platform knows no politics. We are neither military experts from college, nor from the staff, back rooms of Fleet St., and yet we have sufficient common-sense, I hope, to put two and two together, and pick up a few wrinkles from what is occurring under the burning sun of Africa, among the kopjes and highlands of Natal.

They say that this war was inevitable. It had to be. Well, I don't know. Ours is, anyway. You cannot, if you have the love of Christ in your heart, allow the people to go down to a burning, everlasting, and devil-populated hell without warning them. All around is the enemy of men's homes, health, work, character, and children. The public-houses are full. The theatres are full. The billiard-rooms are full. The gambling clubs are full. This district seethes with wickedness and immorality. The enemy has invaded that territory and captured, by tens of thousands of tricks and dodges, multitudes who are held fast in their prisons by night and by day. What shall we do? Hope on? Play on? Sing on? Believe on? Yes, yes, by all means! But something more is wanted. They won't come near you; you must go after them. They will not attack you here in this hall; that's quite evident. You must attack them. In other words, you must go to war. (Voices, "Amn!—God help us!")

It is admitted that this government of ours undervalued the character and strength of the foe—the danger of all strong nations. They were too cock-sure; they were going to walk over. Instead of which eight thousand of its best men are out of action, and they are as far off victory as they were when the war broke out. Their danger is our danger. We are in danger of losing lightly and flippantly the loss of soldiers, the absence of backsliders, and the lack of people in our barracks and of looking at the bright side of our position—increased business, finer music, and better organization—and overlooking the growth of pride, indifference, and sloth. Don't, don't, don't, comrades, for the honor of the Army and the glory of your Master, treat these enemies lightly! Nip them in the bud. Attack them in front, in flank, by rifle, shell, and shrapnel, and never rest satisfied while the enemy has the grip of even one soul. (A voice, "Well hit!")

Then, it is admitted by the British general that their defeats were due to surprise. Methuen, at Magersfontein, admits this. So did Gatacre, at Stormberg, and Buller, at Colenso. They did not expect to discover their opponents hid away among bushes, and behind wire, trenchworks protected by barbed wire, so they walked into traps of death—quite fair, I suppose, according to the rules of civilized warfare! Depend on

it, the most of our soldiers have fallen by surprise. They knew the enemy of Death was in the path, in the fashions, in the smoke, and in places of amuse-ment; but they were taken by surprise when they found that the devil could conceal himself under a red gipsysey and a Hallelujah bonnet. They were offended, discouraged, tempted, and felt. People have been known to fall by a look, a harsh word, a piece of gossip and slander. Very foolish of them, no doubt; but, then, human nature is not strong. It is easily tripped up when you forget to pray, and watch, and guard your soul, and keep it well employed.

Then, I find that the British acknow-ledge their defeat. The greatest gen-eral on the field dashed across the seas, and published to the world, "I regret to say that I have met with a serious re-

One thing is certain, however—the war is to go on.

So say we all of us to-night about our war. (Loud amens.) It must go on—it will go on. God has called us; human-ity needs us. The cries of the widows and orphans, sick and dying, the young and old, the aged and the infirm, and the hungry, starving crowds of the city, with a multitude of people whom no man can number, with guilty consciences, troubled and miserable lives, blasted hopes, and despairing souls, cry, "Show us the way of salvation!" The Army as a whole sets you an example to-night to go forth into this new year with the assurance of victory. The General is with us—resolute, brave, full of hope and life and vigor, and is leaving his sick-room for the front—the grand old man of Christendom, putting to shame the limp, lifeless service which some of you render to God and man.

And the last lesson. We must have reinforcements—reinforcements in the Juniors' hall, the Band of Love, the Young People's Legion; reinforcements for the Corps Cadets, and the lodging-houses, and infirmaries, and homes of

## NUGGETS OF GOLD.

We can only live noble lives by acting nobly on every occasion.

The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new ones.

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven bearing our prayers to the throne of grace.

Nothing will make us more charitable and tender of the faults of others than by thoroughly knowing our own.

## OUR BERMUDA LETTER.

Dear Editor,—  
At the present time anything from the field of battle seems to interest the people more than anything else, and more especially news from our own countries, who have been obliged to take several vacations for the defence of their country, so I am sending you some extracts from letters received this week from the Worcester lads, who lately left Bermuda for South Africa.

To the Front!

Corporal Knight writes as follows: "We start to-morrow to join General French's column, and yet I cannot realize that I am in any position of danger; in fact, I sometimes think I'm too unconcerned; but I really hope if anyone is to fall it may be me, and not someone who has not the experience I have of knowing that all's well, both now and for eternity. I shall write you after my first engagement, if I live, and if not, will meet you above." By the way, Corporal Knight was an atheist for 13 years, and had a great struggle to get into the light.

Private John Woodhouse writes: "I shall never forget Bermuda, where I was born again, and shall always thank God for sending me there. We had a nice passage from England to Africa. The commanding officer gave us permission to hold meetings, and twelve souls cried for pardon."

Private Thomas Clark writes: "I thank God I have got a settled experience, though it was hard to leave England without seeing my mother, after being away so many years. However, in the darkness I have learned to trust God. I may be in heaven before you get this."

I have noticed in all their letters the absence of anything in regard to the war or any feeling of enmity, their first and only thought being the Salvation war.

Yours in this war,  
Kate Welch, Capt.

## Dual Character of Truth.

Truth is often of a dual character, taking the form of a magnet with two poles; and many of the differences which agitate the thinking part of man kind are to be traced to the exclusiveness with which partisan reasoners dwell upon one half of the duality in forgetfulness of the other. The proper course seems to be to state both halves strongly, and allow each its fair share in the formation of the resultant conviction. But this waiting for the statement of the two sides of a question implies patience. It implies a resolution to suppress indignation if the statement of the one half should clash with our convictions, and to repress equally undue elation if the half-statement should happen to coincide with our views. It implies a determination to wait calmly for the statement of the whole before we pronounce judgment in the form of either acquiescence or dissent.—Prof. Tyndall.

Soul winning eloquence depends not on words, but on worth.

## QUAINT ILLUSTRATED RHYMES.—No. 4.



Pride decks itself, but soon the charms are past,  
And to a skeleton it comes at last.

verse." That was honest, frank, straightforward; but some of you are clever enough to hide from men the knowledge of your reverses, and losses, and disasters. You smile when you go to the penitential form when you ought to lead the way. Be honest and above-board with God and with your comrades, friends. If you are wrong, if you have gone down under the temptation to doubt and fear, or by the flesh or mind, come and own up to it all at night. (Amens.)

But the war is to go on, I understand. The Boers have not realized their object, and they are going to fight and pour on to the field of battle their husbands and fathers and sons. The British are to go on, despite the failure of their plans, the loss of generals, capture of troops, and loss of hundreds of killed and wounded. Parliament will spend money by the million; the Militia has been mobilized; the Reserves have been called to the front, and now the Volunteers are actually on their way to the seat of war. What will happen next no one can tell.

the poorest; reinforcements for the booming brigades; and reinforcements to do the artillery fighting in the streets, lanes and slums; but, above all, reinforcements from the skies. There is no lack there. God is inexhaustible. Our ammunition need never go down. God can fill us with love. He can make us to abound in every good work. He can supply us with the wisdom to win souls, and this twentieth year, if you like, in the career of the old Borough, or parent corps of South London, will be the best on record. God grant that it may be so! (Pervent amens.)

If our looking-glasses tell us unpalatable truths, we may always see ourselves at our best in the mirrors of loving and friendly eyes. Let us, at least, study how to keep our hearts warm, to preserve as much sunshine as we may, and often count up what treasures we have garnered during the days of privation. The warmth of our own hearts will depend upon our power to warm those of others.

# The General in Yorkshire.

The Theatre Royal at Leeds the Scene of Piercing and Soul-Convicting Truth.

EIGHTY-EIGHT SOULS FOR THE DAY.

## SATURDAY'S PREPARATIONS.

There was a conference between the North-Eastern P. O. and his D. O. as to how best the City of Leeds might be made to realize that the General was coming.

The result was that the Salvationists of the city were told off in brigades to do a big bombardment.

A brass band, forty-five strong, swept the main streets on Saturday afternoon, and hundreds of little handbills were given away on the sidewalks. Public-houses were stormed, and their boozing occupants invited to come to the Theatre Royal next day and hear the General.

Then at night, after the meetings at the eight o'clock, of which the city at present boasts, there was another attack on the "late" people, who walk the streets and crowd the theatres until the midnight hour.

—♦—

## SUNDAY MORNING.

After such a bombardment as Leeds had on Saturday, there was no danger that anyone would awaken on Monday morning to find that the General had been to the city and had gone without their knowledge.

Leeds knew! And, as a consequence, Leeds came!

"I have spent two of the happiest Sabbath-days of my life here, in this old theatre," said the General, as he faced his Sunday morning audience, and felt the warmth of their loving Yorkshire greeting penetrating his heart.

Hope had been deferred. The last Sunday of the old year was to have seen the General on this stage, but sickness had prevented. Now, the desire had come, and the very memory of past disappointments vanished.

Not very strong, physically, was our dear General. He told us so frankly, and asked our prayers.

But, oh, how unfeeling does God fulfil His promises! His strength is best perfected where the need for its support is deepest felt.

Never had we been more surely conscious of God's close presence.

The stalls, boxes, pit, and dress circle held the morning crowd comfortably. Salvationists formed the bulk of those below, while strangers and out-siders listened from the boxes and dress-circle.

A very large proportion of men were everywhere, which latter fact Colonel Boddie explained, "The women are at home cooking dinner." (Dinner is important in Yorkshire.)

The meeting was a purposeful and useful one. Everyone was alive. Grace, thoughtful faces were turned to the General, and

There was no Lack of Responsive Appreciation.

But neither was there any haste to get. The day was before us.

Heaven-light was turned on full; consolation-humors came down with sure effect; truth told, and there was a visible quivering at its exceeding truthness!

Then, when action was called for, the battle waxed hot.

A Rescuer, going to the front in a week, sought salvation. Altogether seventeen decisions were visibly made for the right, and some of them were of vast importance, both to the individuals concerned and to the interest of the Kingdom.

—♦—

## AFTERNOON.

Dinner over, the dim interior of the Theatre Royal again began to brighten and fill. Up and still up, climbed the crowd, till the lofty heights of the top-most gallery were reached by a party of "some of the roughest lads" the city could send from its four hundred thousands. But they did their duty some credit and the General some honor, for they listened attentively, and the seed, we believe, found good ground even in the top gallery.

There was more noise—of the Army sort—more liberty, and the chilly theatre seemed something warmer in the afternoon. Major Cox's ingenuity had been brought to bear on the draughty stage with good effect. His services, as usual, were legion, and to-day included piano accompaniment to Colonel Lawley's solos.

It was a solemn warning the General had to give. He gave it fearlessly, faithfully, personally, and it reached, and held, and convicted.

God wielded His instrument, the people knew it, and were hushed, and heaven lent to witness how for the message would be allowed "free course."

The obedient numbered sixteen. Some were old, some were young; some were women, but more were men.

Two, a father and son, both hockeysiders, who left the theatre unweaned, went home to continue the struggle. But, hallelujah! before it was time for the night meeting, they yielded and God restored to them the joy of salvation. So the afternoon total must be increased to eighteen.

—♦—

## NIGHT.

It was a pouring wet night. "Will this rain spoil the crowd?" we anxiously wondered, while hurrying again towards the Theatre Royal soon after six o'clock, but not a vacant spot could be seen. It was a lovely crowd—the sort of crowd to which your heart goes out directly, gladly taken from the glass who, in the olden days, heard Jesus gladly.

And after the General began to talk and the doors were shut, a number of late arrivals stood in the rain until 8 o'clock, so that there were as many to press in when the first meeting concluded as there were to leave.

If the General's talk could be put down here, word for word, and you could read it, it would go to your heart and move you deeply.

But if you could have been there and listened and watched him, you would understand how vainly were written words attempt to tell about that night meeting.

Oh, General, we watched you with our mortal eyes, and noted every movement, and followed every word. And yet we forgot you were weary, forgot you had been ill, forgot to tremble lest you worked too hard. All we felt or knew during that talk was that God had

you, and His light was falling, and His will was being done.

And certain it is that for the time you felt no weariness either; whether in the body, or out of the body, you cared not, if the people only heard the message God had sent them by your lips.

And they did hear.

"Hearts are hearts this weary world all over," and whatever sort of rest a man wears, the same key will unlock the heart. That key the General held. "He loves souls. He cares for my soul," was what every man felt.

The critical moment of the meeting was reached when the General turned to his officers and said, low and forcefully: "Let us all pray. Life or death now; salvation or damnation now; everybody be still as death."

We thought of Moses as the General walked to and fro slowly, holding up his hand and "believing for the next." Our faith followed his, and the victory was with the Lord's host!

Our Moses remained among us, holding up hands of faith, until nearly 9:30.

Forty-Eight Prisoners were Taken.

And there was a long pause.

But we fought on, and through, and did not retire until fifty captures were registered in the fifth, long room at the back of the stage, where Major Haugh, Mrs. Major Palmer and others had been busy all day—all had worked, and he believed, and been blessed.

And the seekers who mounted the stage and back at Christ's feet included all sorts and conditions.

A man with his hand plastered up, a little Roman Catholic who groined himself at the penitent form, a girl who had lacerated her arm through an unsteady young man who had walked four miles on purpose to get restored, a public-house billiard-marker who gave up his berth and his pipe to get salvation and will be looked after by Adj. Stoker, a little girl "to be cleansed from all unclean ways," an old man whose chapped hand trembled as he cried "Lord, help me," and whose tears raised thickly down till the assurance of pardon brought the sob, "Lord, I believe"—all these were included among the evening's fifty.

And yet how many and hearts went away! "I am always sorry for sinners," the General had said, "and I am most sorry for those who won't come to God and let Him make them good."

## Sin Brings Separation from God.

An ego, like an individual, must be judged, not by its temporary character, but by its permanent character. Often, when one seems to be retreating, it is but an episode in a larger advance. If an ego is to be judged by its best products, few periods would surpass the post-civil, Prof. F. K. Sanders, Ph. D.

For notes of faith let grateful zealous fight, let him who whose life is in the right.—Dryden.

## "HOW IT HAPPENED,"

Being a Synopsis of the Social Operations of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America for 1899.



ABOVE is the title of the latest Social Report, just issued from the Army Publishing House.

Even a superficial glance will impress one with the excellency of the booklet. A pale green cover, with a neatly-designed title printed in brown, produces a pleasing effect, and invites the observer to peruse its contents, which fully justify the reader's anticipation.

An introduction by the foreword of the General is prefaced by an excellent fulsome note of our venerable leader.

Miss Booth writes a fascinating story, entitled, "Shrimp's All the World to Me." This story, like all her writings, is characterized by its womanly, eloquent, and forcible style.

In "How I Became a Rescue Worker, and Why," Mrs. Read gives us more than an interesting answer to the questions implied in the title.

Our Social Farm, and the work which it is designated for, is described in an article, "Back to the Land."

"Love's Prevention," deals with one children's work, while "Hope Remains," is a collection of interesting anecdotes in connection with the work of the League of Mercy.

The Rescue Homes and their accomplishments are excellently depicted in an article, by Mrs. Read, "Love's Day-break."

"Society's Dredgers," is a chapter which comprises some telling facts and figures of our Men's Shelters.

A page of songs for meetings, and a series of songs, should prove a valuable aid to the sale of this interesting booklet, which is printed on superior paper, and has a large number of well-executed illustrations.

The Annual Balance Sheet is printed for the benefit of all who are interested in an account of the manner in which the Army's income is expended.

The price, fifteen cents, is really quite moderate.

## DISASTROUS FIRE

AT THE

Radleigh Farm Colony.

ESTIMATED DAMAGE, \$5,000.

Early Monday morning fire was discovered to have broken out in the large kitchen of the Land Colony, and before any organized effort could be made to limit its ravages, the flames spread with such terrible rapidity as to completely envelop the adjoining buildings to the north and east of the outbreak.

These comprise the dining-hall, capable of accommodating some three hundred men, on the south side of the kitchen, while on the north side were the

Jam Factory, Store, and Butcher's Shop,

and in a remarkably short space of time, the whole of the buildings were consumed of corrugated iron, and lined with match-wood throughout; this rendered the operations of the fire both easy and expeditious, and accounts for the fact that within an hour of the discovery of the outbreak the only thing left to mark the spot, beyond debris, was the chimney shaft of the kitchen, which stood erect in weird solitude, casting its moon-like shadow over the devastated ruins.

Extraordinary as it may seem, there was not a single article of food-stuff, cooking utensils, form, or table, saved from the fire. Shortly after one o'clock the attention of the watchman on night duty was directed to see that no unusual, and on his discovering that

It was Fire,

he immediately gave an alarm, rousing Mr. Crinkshank, the second in charge of the Home Department, and then proceeded to the house of the Home Superior, resident. A messenger speedily conveyed the intelligence to the Governor, Colonel Lamb, who was on the scene of the disaster within the space of half-an-hour of the first alarm. Mr. Crinkshank, who was on the spot within two minutes of the watchman's calling him, at once endeavored to force an entrance into the dining hall by smashing a window; but this only revealed the fact that the fire had already obtained complete mastery inside, and the aperture, once made, stood as it ran to the flame. Attention was next directed to the jam factory; but here again difficulty and danger frustrated all attempts at rescue. Within a few yards stood a large kitchen boiler enveloped in the flame, so such an extent that at any moment it might burst. On the other hand there were large jars containing about half-hundredweights of jam, which, as they were being

Roasted in the Flimmes,

were exploding in all directions; consequently it was with great difficulty that the crowd of Colonists, which by this time had assembled, could be kept sufficiently clear to be out of danger.

A new kitchen was in course of erection, and this also was completely demolished; the building was just ready to be fitted up with the necessary cooking appliances.

In close proximity were some sheds and stables, from whence two horses had to be removed to a place of safety; but the fire was, fortunately, kept from attacking these buildings.

By 2:30 all danger of further extension had disappeared, and Colonel Lamb was confronted with the problem of how to provide breakfast for some two hundred men out of nothing. There wasn't even

A Tenspoon Rescued

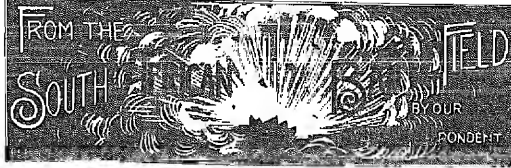
from the fire. A brief council ensued, and messengers were sent hither and thither to procure necessary utensils and food. The driver of one cart, who went to Southend for bread, had a lively time of it, picking up his horse some five times on the way. The road was one continuous sheet of glass.

The large refreshment-rooms in the vicinity of the Castle were speedily converted into a dining-hall, and by 4:15 a.m. the usual breakfast hour—we were replenished with every commodity necessary to feed the whole of the men, who sat down to a sumptuous meal just as if nothing had happened.

The damage is estimated at \$5,000, and is covered by insurance.

Where is fear and sorrow, wisdom cannot dwell.—Lactantius.





## NEWS OF, AND LETTERS FROM, VARIOUS OFFICERS AND COMRADES WORKING THERE.

### I. PRIVATE YOUNG, MAFEEKING, Late of Regent Hall.

This comrade was formerly a soldier of the Regent Hall Corps, and upon his arrival at Cape Town became actively associated with No. 1, corps. He is now serving with the Town Guard at Mafeking. Lately, however, he has been doing much useful service in the Mafeking corps. In a letter addressed to Capt. Quartermain, and which has been something like two months (travelling to his destination here at Cape Town, having first been received at Bulawayo from Mafeking by native runner, via armored train to Mafeking, and thence through perils of land and water to Cape Colony), Comrade Young says:

"I am glad to be able to inform you that we are all well. God truly has been with us, and His protecting hand is upon us, for which we, the soldiers of the Mafeking corps, give Him our heartfelt thanks. Since writing you on Feb. 27, which I trust you got without delay, it has not yet come to hand our bar racks has had a uniform in the shape of

#### A Shell from the Boers.

It entered the roof and burst inside, totally wrecking the whole place. The organ and some boxes were injured. There were some articles of furniture destroyed. We had a drill this morning, and we met again this evening. Kindest regards from us all to Lieutenant and yourself. We pray that the time will speedily come when you can return."

Our Mafeking comrade amid the shot and shell falling round, has evidently no fear. Salvation puts an end to all that, as he well shows in the following simple verse, which closes his epistle:—

"A blessed thing it is to feel  
The power of sins forgiven;  
A glorious thing it is to have  
A file clear of heaven."

—[1]—  
II.

### ENSIGN SCOTT, MODDER RIVER.

Yet another letter from Modder River Camp, where Major Swain and Ensign Scott are assisting in a host of duties. The latter writing in the absence of the Major, during his visit to the Congress, says:

"Just a week ago I got permission from Lord Methuen to hold open air in the Camp itself, and during the week we managed to put in two, it being impossible to hold one every night, as the lads very often have their duties, such as twelve hours' picket or reserve picket, and injuries. Last night especially did we have a glorious time. Quite a hundred men turned up as we sent forth the word of life, which we believe shall not return void. I fully realize that

#### Our Opportunities are Unlimited.

and pray that God may help me to use them to the best advantage for His Kingdom. On New Year's Day a young lad of the Black Watch made a new start. May many more follow his example! The lad was dedicated in the Salvation Army, and his mother is a soldier of Dinabur, and his himself was until he realized, when he went wrong."

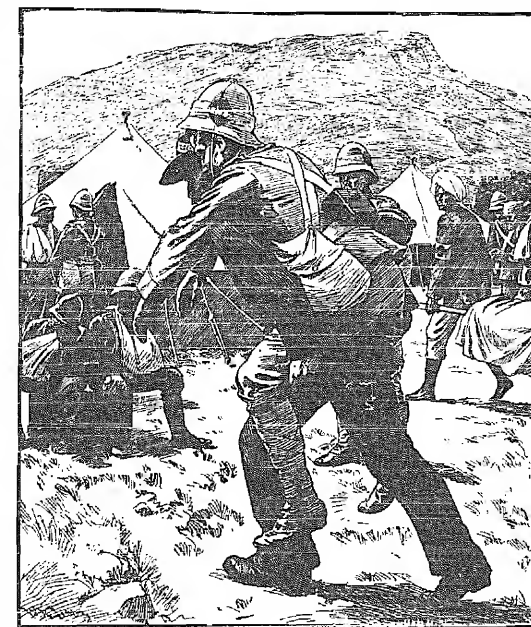
—[1]—  
III.

#### A DESCRIPTION OF CAMP LIFE.

The camp of the Third Division of the British Army is at present at Sterkspruit, and here Lind, Warwicker is bravely fighting on as a Salvation Army officer. In a report just to hand he says:

"Our meetings in camp since last writing have been characterized by large crowds, perfect attention, and fresh light received. Although we cannot boast of any visible results, yet the seed is sown, and in time to come will blossom forth

During evacuation and persons I have some across backsliders, relatives of Salvationists, Staff-Officers' schoolmates, and others interested in the good old Army. The troops have been very kind to us, cooking as we need it, and helping domesticity. Our Leaguers in camp have some difficulty in attending operations and tent prayer meetings, owing to war necessitating them always being on hand ready for an emergency. They are well served and have no fear. We have to use discretion in holding our meetings in order to sandwich them between the camp clocks (bells) which have to be



THE SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS CARRIED WOUNDED SOLDIERS ALL DAY.  
(From the London War Cry.)

obeyed at all cost. Thunderstorms have been very frequent of late, the rain having flooded and saturated the tent and myself. Having only a khaki suit with me, I have had to stand around the camp fire the next morning to get things right. Some of the troops have fancy worn than myself, having sought refuge in our tent during the night—

#### A Tent Well Ventilated.

and far from waterproof. But, amid all our difficulties, God is good and overabundant all our little troubles with His goodness. Personally speaking, He has given me many victories and blessings."

—[1]—  
IV.

### PRIVATE NEWMAN, FRERE CAMP, Late of Croydon I.

The following extracts from Private Newman, late bandsman of Croydon I., now with the 2nd Queen's Regiment in South Africa, were, through the kindness of Bro. Newman, sent by the band leader of Croydon I.

He writes: "Serge. Newman, his wife, two daughters, and one son, are soldiers of this corps, and one daughter is a Field Officer. The son, copies of whose letters I enclose, was an Army Reserve man,

and used to play in our band. He was called up at the commencement of the war—Yours obediently, E. J. Hanagan, Bandsmaster."

"My dear Father and Mother,—I am just writing you a few lines to let you know I am at present quite well. I am very glad to tell you that all has gone off all right up to now. I have been in one battle already, at Estcourt, on Nov. 22nd.

"It was a long, trying fight. My regiment took part in it, but we were very lucky, we never lost a man. The West Yorkshire Regiment was with us, also the East Surrey. The West Yorks lost fifteen men killed, and there were about forty others wounded. The fight lasted from daylight until four o'clock in the afternoon. The Boers had several big guns, and we had a few shells come among us, but they were harmless, they did not hurt anyone. One dropped not far from me; it went off bang, and there was a lot of smoke and mud, and that was all the damage done.

"To-day is Sunday, and I have been to open-air church. It was the largest open-air I have ever been to. General Buller is here with us, he is a grand soldier! There are plenty of troops in this camp, and we are going to relieve Ladysmith.

The Boers have upset the railway, so

steadily, as if nothing had happened. There was a bit of shot all around where I was. The bullets kept coming around me, but not one of them touched me. We started out at 3 a.m., and as soon as it got daylight the firing began, and got hotter as the day wore on. I was in the firing line, and there was a big river which we could not cross, and we had to fall back, and that was a fearful time for us; I shall never forget it. The sun was very hot that day; it made it much worse for us. General Buller was with us in the very thickest of the fight.

#### He is a Brave Soldier.

I can trust him as a General. There was not a man afraid; on we went until the order was given to fall back. It is no easy thing to get to Ladysmith, for the enemy is entrenched between us and them, and they want a lot of fighting out. I shall never forget how first I was after Colenso. I was so stiff the next day I could hardly walk, but I do not mind roughing it a bit for the dear old land. We have open-air meetings nearly every night, and I can tell you we have some happy times.

—[1]—  
VI.

### STAFF-CAPTAIN CLACK, TRANSVAAL.

We have further news from Staff-Capt. Clack, of the Transvaal, concerning himself and other Salvationists. He informs us that, at the time of writing, Messrs. White and A. J. Ferreira, sons, are still in Pretoria, conducting meetings as often as possible. A. J. Ferreira, jun., had left to join the antislavery section of the Boer forces at Dunderpoort. Our comrades at Jeppeg Town seem to be still alive. The Staff-Captain reports a visit he paid them, and a meeting conducted. A. J. Ferreira, jun., has encouraging news from Capt. Williams, of Bulawayo, who, amidst great darkness and loneliness, is bravely fighting on. Kimberley is still a blank, but we have a good hope that all our officers—probably in danger—are well in body and soul. It will be a relief indeed to obtain tidings from these unfortunate comrades.

—[1]—  
VII.

### LIEUT. WARWICKER.

"As the day so shall thy strength be." Thank God, we ourselves have proved the truth of these words in our work among the troops! "Progress" has been our watchword since last writing the Cry. Our surroundings are stamped with earnestness, and the troops are eager to hear the Truth; they show it in their faces. Our daily visits to the sick and wounded are blessed times. How the poor fellows listen to God's word—some bright and cheerful, others hating their heads with winds, no doubt wondering back in their homes and godly parents! We talk, read, testify, and pray with them. We also freely distribute what few Bibles we have. Oh, what a need, never before, for Army literature!

#### Some Treat Their Wounds Very Lightly

and even seem pleased and proud to carry a mark, as proof of loyalty to the cause and country. Speaking of a batch of sick and wounded, which have just come into hospital from the wagonmen, one says he has not eaten any food for seven days, another that he has been ill for twenty-one days, being continually wet through for want of shelter. Their books verified their statements.

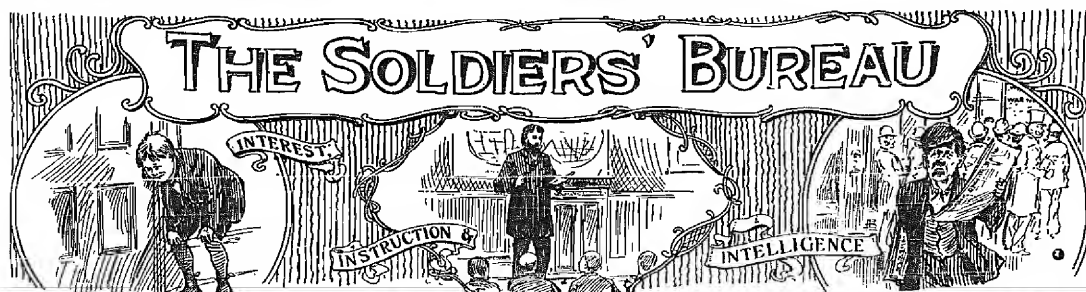
I might fill pages with accounts of bravery told by the poor fellows. One told me to-day that a soldier cannot feel for others till he is on his own death-bed. He, I find, is an exception.

#### Where is Your Home?

Home is a place where a man's heart dwells. It may be called by others a saloon, or a race-track, or an office, but, if that is where a man's whole heart is centred, that is his home. How well we know that, if a man's heart comes to rest trustfully in wife and children, then where they are becomes his home! No thing will make his home cease to be his home but their departure from it. Even so when our hearts come to rest in God, and our thoughts delight in turning to Him, then heaven becomes our home. God's dwelling becomes our habitation. And when we have seen that God is the beauty of the world, and that God is the tenderness of our human love, and that God is the inspiration of good work and of true thought, as well as the joy of heavenly contentment, then shall we have in the world, in our households, in our labor, and in our heavenly hopes, always and every-where to be at home in God.

#### FROM CHIEVELEY CAMP

We were in a very tight place on the 15th of December. It will never be forgotten. It simply hailed bullets, while the Boer big guns banged away at us. Our men faced it quite coolly and



## Terse Topics.

### THE CHILDREN'S CHANCE.

This is one of the most important weeks of all the Siege: in fact, there is a sense in which it may be considered the most important of all. During the last few years of the Army's history, our work amongst the children has taken tremendous strides. We are coming more than ever to see and feel that the great hope for the future of this world's redemption lies in the salvation of the children. At all costs their feet must be led into holy ways, their hearts kept unpolluted from sin's stains, and their prattling voices early lent to the songs and speech of heaven. As Salvation soldiers who have sworn to God and our own hearts to risk everything to win mankind for our Master, we cannot afford ever to think lightly of our opportunities for reaching the children. The Siege offers us a splendid chance to bless and save the little ones—let us seize it to the full. It may be hard to save the child, but it will be ten times harder to save the man. Prevention is better than cure in the service of God and the lost as in all other undertakings.

### A Solitary Soldier's Story.

#### II.

"A plain little book" (not worth sixpence), the holder thought contemptuously and with that peculiar cresting motto, "Blood and Fire," stamped thereon. The title was clear, "The Doctrines and Discipline of the Salvation Army."

"Doctrines?" ejaculated Mrs. Hargrave. "I never knew they had any." But she was interested, despite her strong wish not to be. Rachel's mother had many theological doubts, and when she caught sight of a chapter dealing with one of these vexed questions, she could not refrain from counting every word. A sort of longing crept up into the steel-grey eyes as she finished reading those simple declarations and explanations of faith.

"Perhaps, after all, I've misjudged him," she murmured, the tears in her eyes. "The heart of God is larger than I thought."

A rattle of chairs overhead warned her that the afternoon's class, and her afternoon's quiet had alike terminated. On the stairs she met Rachel just leaving with the girls. She glanced in some surprise at the little red book in her mother's hand.

"It is your Salvation creed-book, Rachel—may I keep it an hour or two? It has put a new aspect on some of my difficulties."

"Keep it as long as you like, mother darling."

The girl was too astonished to say more. In the privacy of her own room she began to rejoice and reproach herself in the same breath.

"How beautiful! Mother's been poring over those theological treatises for years, and they haven't solved her problems—they didn't mine! Thank You, Jesus! But, oh, how faithless I've been! I was more afraid for the offence that the simplicity of my little D. D. book would give, than for the more pronounced objection of my Gys. Jesus, help me to believe for his things, and make me brave, and bring them nearer!"

Rachel placed on a bright tin box (which had also come in the parcel from Headquarters) and went down to tea slugging—

"I'm trusting in Jesus for all;  
"My will is the will of my God."  
God was having His own way, she thought, and it was very pleasant.

#### III.

"I do my best, but the village cramps me. Chmeh, and squire, and everybody are against me—I can't get the Army no foothold here. God calls me to the front, I'm not at all eager, but I'm a soldier longing to be under other orders than my own. Take me!"

So Rachel pleaded with Headquarters, and the answer came in the form of her "candidates" papers. Properly they were signed with her mother's reluctant consent (the prospect of a necessity for Franklin Schmidt gave no pleasure now), and Rachel waited.

She was counting her bundle of War Cry for she still took them, though the villagers were unfriendly as ever, and she sold but few—when the postman brought her a letter stamped with the well-known crest.

"Can it be the marching orders they spoke of, so soon?" she wondered, as she carried it to the twilight-lit window and eagerly unfolded the sheet. The expectancy died out of her eyes as she read down the page. It was kindly worded, but its meaning equally clear. Headquarters had considered the matter, but in view of her extreme delicacy of health it was not thought advisable to accept her.

The letter dropped from Rachel's fingers. She was rejected! In that great crisis of her life she glanced on the quiet scene of her childhood's years: was it to be the scene of her life-work, too? The blacksmith was leaning over his half-door. At sight of him Rachel's lips parted in a sorrowful little smile.

"The torment of Hexton's peace and quiet!" that what I heard him say when I stopped with the Gys at the smithy door last week. Ah, Williams, the torment is not going to leave Hexton after all."

"Symptoms of consumption already there," had been the doctor's verdict. Then I must die soon, though I live this shut-up, opportunity-forsaken life till I'm laid in the quiet churchyard."

Suddenly there flashed before her mental vision the brilliant lettering of the motto of her spiritual birthplace—"Let God have His own way with you." The remembrance proved as oil upon the sorely-troubled waters of her soul. Contraction smote her—she sank on her knees.

"Lord, forgive me!" she murmured. "Have it Thy way—however dark. I can't understand why, but Thou dost!"

An hour later Rachel was descending the stair, her eyes still tearful, but shining and serene. A noise in the hall arrested her. The vicar was just taking leave.

"Ah, Mrs. Hargrave," she heard him say, "things have been dragging a little of late, and deprived men like Ministers have neglected their church for the (ahem! excuse me)—the 'Horse and Carters.' Life, my dear lady, is what this village wants. Wait till these highly-instructive dramatic entertainments in the church-room are commenced. The church itself won't be long in filling. I wish we could only persuade your daughter to—"

Rachel heard no more, not even her mother's depreciative reply. Her cheeks were burning with righteous indignation, which made her put away her disappointment.

"And I said there was no opportunity!" she whispered. "Now, Lord, give me courage. Those dramatic entertainments shall not satisfy the villagers' souls!"

If the vicar could have seen the effect of his words!

(To be continued.)

## What a Soldier Should Know

### The Army's Belief on Eternal Punishment.

The Army believes in eternal punishment, and teaches it continually, for the following reasons:

1. Because it sincerely believes that Christ taught it in unhesitating and loud language.

2. Nowhere in the Bible does it find that reformation after death is made possible.

3. We have no right to expect, love, mercy, and compassion at the expense of God's justice and righteousness.

And that the Army is consistent with such belief is evidenced by the desperate earnestness for saving the people from hell, exhibited by its officers and soldiers.

Many in its ranks, as well as elsewhere, have been awakened to a sense of danger by our consistency on this point.

### The Army's Teaching on Holiness.

The Army teaches that the ideal which all truly-saved people aim at, of loving God with all your heart, and soul, and might, is perfectly attainable through the almighty power of Christ, Who is able to destroy all in us that is contrary to His will, and so to preserve us by His Spirit, that He may indeed be King of our life. But perhaps the most striking feature of the Army's holiness teaching is the continued insistence upon absolute self-sacrifice for others. The Army does not favor retirement into a beautiful, heavenly life for its own sake, but entire devotion to God, that He may have full use of all our powers for His war.

The strength of the Army anywhere is in proportion to the number of its people who have renounced to cure for any interest of their own.

What is a Real Love for Souls?

It should mean that the soldier will give up any situation, home, or position: will face any sort or amount of opposition or suffering, and will dare to carry out any plan, however strange and contrary to his own liking, or that of anybody else, in order to get at those who are lost to God and from every good influence, and to bring them to true repentance and salvation. It should mean getting up extra early, and staying up and out extra late, not only attending to the end of every possible meeting, but making all sorts of efforts, apart from meetings, known only to God, in order to force upon careless souls attention to the voice of God.

### How to Account for Backsliders.

The number of backsliders from the Army are not more than those from other organizations, though they are easier detected, for the following reasons:

1. The nature of our organization, entailing as it does such aggressive, self-denying warfare, makes the existence of secret backsliders almost impossible.

2. The great mass of our people are so honest and childlike that, when they feel they are not willing to obey all the dictates of their consciences, they acknowledge their faultiness at once to all who know them.

3. Most Salvationists come from a class which has not yet been trained in sinfulness, and endurance, and steadfastness: therefore, their natural, as well as their spiritual, character, makes it easy for them to slip back.

This is Christ's idea of His holy religion: it is to make men like God, responding to Him, answering to Him. To think as God thinks—that is to be like God with all the mind: to will as God wills—that is to love God with all the heart: to do what God commands—that is to love God with all the strength.

## TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow," said the father to his child,

"To-morrow, like the rainbow that you cannot catch."

And then, methinks, he'd add, in accents mild,

"No human hand can lift to-morrow's tide."

Our eyes may never behold its rising sun

Its light may never be within our sight appear.

Like he who once did "ward the rainbow run.

And found to be far off, what seemed so near."

To-morrow is to us a God-locked door,

And He alone has keeping of its key.

We never know, when one day's work is o'er,

Where really we shall in the morning be.

Then, oh, how we should strive to do the right,

How necessary that we should be true.

That when we rest our tired head at night,

All may be well, whatever God wills to do.

To-morrow is not ours. We've but to-day,

Nay, we've but now, this very moment.

Ere we've the chance another word to say,

We may be called in death our head to bury.

Oh, then, should we not now be careful more?

Our life indeed is but a narrow span,

And ere we view the opening of death's door,

We want to do—we must do—all we can!

God speaks like this to you, oh, friend of mine,

He is the Father, and you are the child.

If wayward yet, your all just now resign

To Jesus Christ, so merciful and mild.

For hearts are hungering after some-thing true.

And if you will but tread the God-marked way,

The world shall better be for knowing you.

Then do it, not to-morrow, but to-day.

—Albert Tristram.

### Mr. Beecher's Sarcasm was Effective

In the Plymouth congregation there was at one time a woman who was a thorn in the flesh. She had a harsh voice and a stiff manner of speech. Her long-drawn-out full discourses worried the congregation. But Mr. Beecher was patient. At last he, too, reached the limit of endurance, and one evening, when she sat down, after talking nearly half an hour, he arose, and in his deep tones said slowly: "Nevertheless, I still believe in women speaking in meetings." She spoke no more.

God knows our need before we ask. Then what is prayer for? Not to inform Him, nor to move Him, unwilling to have mercy, as if like some proud prince He required a certain amount of recognition for His goodness as the price of His favors. But to fit our hearts by conscious need and true desire and dependence to receive the gifts which He is ever willing to give, but which we are not always willing to receive. As St. Augustine has it, "The empty vessel is, by prayer, carried to the free fountain."—Rev. Alex. McLaren, D.D.



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## IN THEIR STEPS

### OR WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ME DO?

#### THE SECRET OF SPIRITUAL SUCCESS

BY ADJUT. PHILLIPS, JAMAICA

## CHAPTER IV.

When the Salvation Army came and took over our mission, I need hardly say that a great deal of interest was aroused in our little community. Some who never went to a religious meeting, were determined to come and see what "the Army" was like.

They had heard so many conflicting statements. Some said they were the best of people; some that they were the worst; some said that they were mad; others said they were wise than the wisest. Some said that they were going to upset and break down the churches, and some that they were the church's brightest hope, and that both agencies could work outside of each other to mutual advantage.

So now the people were coming to see for themselves, and to form their own opinions.

We anticipated a crush, so took down a side of our building, and erected a kind of shed over the yard. Mrs. White and myself soon fixed up some seats with boards we borrowed for the purpose, and as the weather was dry and warm, we were as satisfied and proud as if we'd got a fine church at our disposal.

We were delighted to see our old Major amongst us once more. He had not changed. The same longing, loving look seemed to peep from his heart through his eyes. His face shone with the light, and yet his fineness made him humble, not proud; as willing to talk to the smallest child as the biggest man—and sometimes more so.

He brought with him—and in a carriage, for they had walked several miles—two Salvation Army bases, Captain Emily Rose and Lieut. Redstone. These were to be placed in charge of the work, for the Major was only spending three days with us.

It is not my intention to describe at any length the opening meetings. About sixteen came out for the blessing in the morning, and, after a hard fight, one poor woman sought salvation in the afternoon.

I must not forget to mention that our minister actually accepted an invitation that was sent to him to attend our afternoon meeting, and was there. We were all so glad to see him. Somehow he commanded people's love. That was how it was so hard for me to "give him up," when God called upon me to do so. In fact, before the "water light" came, I used to lean upon him, perhaps, more than I should, so God knocked away that "sustaining prop." He has mercy before and since for Christians all over the world.

He was not quite himself to-day, however. A restless look about his eyes betrayed the fact that he was not heartily in sympathy with our movement, as his presence would seem to imply. But he prayed with us, and for us, before he left, and spoke a few words of encouragement to the female officers, inviting them, at the same time, to call upon his wife when they visited the town.

At the night meeting, which took place a couple of hours later, we had two striking testimonies, which I will reproduce.

Said Will Fern: "You all know me: a rough and tough fellow as never pretended to have any religion for as far back as I can remember, from I was a tricked kid. I was not only born in sin, like other people, but I crowded up in it too, and seemed to thrive on it in a measure. Some people serve the devil off and on, and go and come, but I pretended myself to him. There's hardly a sin I wasn't guilty of, but I never got any better, and I've done that in my heart. If some of you had the home training as I had, you might have grown up like me. I need hardly say that religion wasn't in my line. I never went to church, and never said no prayers. Drinking and gambling was my Bible and hymn-book. If it wasn't for one or two brothers that is here, I would have been on the road to hell to-day, or might

have been inside, for I was going down hill without any brake on. I remember one ministerial bloke a-stoppin' afore my cottage one day, when I was smokin' the little black devil that I chucked away when I got converted, an' he ses to me, ses he, 'Good-mornin'!' I nods my head in reply, for I sesd he was a minister. Ses he agin, 'My dear good man, why don't you come to the church sometimes?' And then I took the pipe out of my mouth, for my own convenience, and I ses to him, 'Why don't the church come to me?' So he never said nothin', but slinked away. I tell you what, friends, I'd got too much of a big devil, and more than Mary Magdalen ever had, to be converted by the likes of him. An' I could see from the way his kid gloves fitted him, an' the odor of perfume, that he'd not care to be seen a-walkin' along the narrow road with the likes of me! Come to Jesus, an' don't think I'm goin' to shake hands with you! Come to Jesus—but sit on poverty bench at the bottom of the church! Come to Jesus—but my lips must touch the cup afore you! Come to Jesus—and bow

down—I means ornament—she is to me to-day, an' to all of us, an' to God! I thank the Lord for her, an' her smile as cheers me when the devil worries me, an' her faith as never gets dim! An' I thank Him for this mission, and for the Salvation Army as He has sent along to strengthen it. I was one of them as joined the church down the town, an' they put me to sit on poverty bench as a curiosity! I was zotter chilled, an' tired of him, patronized by a lot of gentle folks; but I'm glad o' the fire as has warmed me up, an' keeps me red hot for God. I'm believin' it will spread, even into the church by-and-bye, an' so I ses, Praise God for everything. Amen!"

(To be continued.)

## League of Mercy Notes.

From Guelph, where weekly services are conducted in the General Hospital and County Jail, Sergt-Major Mrs. Dawson writes:—

"We are having good times both in the Hospital and the Jail. One poor soul professed to find God. Captain Keeles is a good help, and you know he sings and plays his guitar beautifully. The first time he went with us to the Hospital we had a grand time, there was weeping on almost every hand. That good old song, 'Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,' went with a swing. One of the

Captain sing and play, and for half-an-hour that nurse stood outside in the cold and heard our music.

Ensign Moss, in charge of the League in Spokane, tells us:—

"We are having good meetings at the Jail. The inmates are always glad to see us, and listen to all we have to say."

I enjoy going to the Jail. We do have some lovely times, and the officers are always willing to do what they can to help us. Just as soon as we can we will visit the Hospital, for a long time past they have been full of small-pox cases. We have been surrounded with it."

—E.H.—

Sergt-Major Mrs. Beale, of St. Catharines, writes:—

"We had a lovely meeting in the Jail Thursday afternoon. There are three prisoners, and they seemed to enjoy the service. I went down to the Hospital this week; they are quite willing that we should go there."

—E.H.—

From Kingston, where the League is visiting regularly various institutions, we conducted a quarterly meeting in the Penitentiary. Sergt. Major Mrs. Contryman, in speaking of the last one, says:—

"We had our quarterly meeting in the Penitentiary. Ensign Ward was in charge. The men enjoyed it. I have been to see a man in the penitentiary who was dying. Christ was his All."

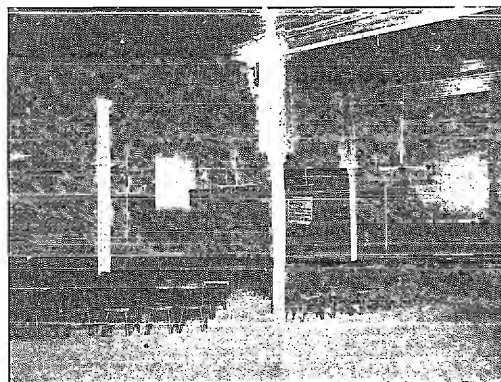
—E.H.—

From Peterboro, Sergt-Major Mrs. Comstock sends the following:

"We visited the jail on the 15th, and had a real salvation meeting. Ten men came out and cried like children. One was the man I wrote about who was arrested. He is still here. We had a public League meeting in the barracks on the 15th. Everybody seemed to enjoy the meeting, and we had a good crowd. Mrs. Burditt has been helping us at the jail and the Old Folks' Home. I think our work is pulling up. We need six members that we can rely on who will feel responsible. I don't want any place to be neglected. It is a long walk to the hospital each time, and I feel it rather much, but they look for us and are very kind. We expect to have a meeting at the Orphan's Home next week. I am beginning to feel God is blessing our efforts, and He is teaching me many lessons through the League work."

## Wisely Using Silence.

While the Scriptures put the sins of omission among the worst and most damning, they also hint to us that our best services may be those of omission as well. This is true, especially of omitting to use our tongues when it is wise and magnanimous to keep silent. Every man can recall instances in which he said what made him bite his tongue afterwards. But how seldom have we needed to be ashamed of silence under provocation! "I have observed many," says Ambrose, "who, by speaking, have fallen into sin; scarcely one who has fallen by silence." We never fail by being silent for ourselves and our rights, but we must avoid silence when God and the truth require speech.



THE JUBILEE HALL  
(Showing the increase in height of ceiling.)

and scrape to me, while I patronizes you! My friends, this isn't that sort of religion as Jesus Christ brought into the world, or the Philistines wouldn't have crucified Him! An' this ain't the sort as can win the likes of 'Will Fern, an' some o' you. (Cries of "Amen!") But when this brother here—as I've heard come from where the sun never stops shinin'—an' thus utter one as I'm a-poin'tin' to, comes along to my cottage, an' ain't too proud to shake my fist, an' talks me brother, an' pleads with me to give up my sinful life, an' let the Good Shepherd, what they said was a-barkin' for me, and me—I sesd they was not froth, neither was they doin' it for a livin', as some is. Mind you, I don't say as how I give in all at once. My old taskmaster had too long an' too tight for that. But they never bated me, but came back as regular as clock-work. Sometimes I sed tears a-comin' in their eyes wen I up an' tells 'em it wasn't no use, as I was too hardened. But they wouldn't give in—and they. Neither would we, nor my missions. Till one day they starts a singin' about a little girl as was dyin', an' wanted her father to give his heart to God afore she went. And then I 'membered my little 'un as died, an' I kels down on my knees, an' gives up myself, an' asks the Lord to have mercy on me. An' do you know how the answer came? I was a-keedin' and prayin' when I feels a drop of warm water drop on my hand. It was a tear out o' de eye of one o' 'em, but it reminded me of a drop of Christ's blood, an' just then the burden o' my sins rolled away. Glory be to God! Yes, my friends, an' after they gots me converted they rollers up my missions till she gives up too; an' you knows what a bright

patients told me since that they all sing it. Two weeks ago, when we reached them, one nurse came to us and said, 'Sing, 'No, not one.' We were hurried into St. Andrew's Ward, and the nurse came to us and asked if we would mind going over to the window and singing as a nurse in the diphtheria ward, who could not get in, wanted to hear the



VIEW OF THE TEMPLE AUDITORIUM.  
(The Gallery is not shown in this photograph.)

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## CENTRAL ONTARIO.

## Midland.

After attending the special meetings held in Thorara, I visited Midland. The meetings were well attended and owned of God, four souls being the result of the day's battle. Bro. Smith will no doubt make a little advance on last quarter's G. B. M. columns when his returns are all in.

## Coldwater.

The friends in Coldwater take quite an interest in our G. B. M. work, and under the circumstances, contribute well to the same. The lantern service was not known to many, yet we had a nice crowd present.

## Rama.

Rama is an Indian village, about seven miles from Orillia, where we have some faithful soldiers. This meeting had been well announced, and a good crowd met for the same, notwithstanding the wet and unpleasant night. The G. B. M. work is something new in this district, yet Mrs. Wesley is doing well with it as the acting Agent.

## Gravenhurst.

Capt. Lott has recently taken charge of this corps, and seeing that she is much interested in the G. B. M. work, we may expect some to make rapid progress, especially now that Mrs. Barley, a friend of the G. B. M., has taken up the work as Agent. The returns this quarter surpassed all previous returns of 1899. The weather was fearfully stormy on Thursday night, and our lantern meeting was postponed until Friday—when we had a larger crowd.

More anon.—W. H. Burrows, T. F. S.

The Saved Bushwhacker  
GOES TO THE BUSH.

Billed that night with some very kind people. The next morning, after breakfast, what should appear but a genuine tramp. What a sight! Even Joe Beef's can't show anything tougher looking. The usual story, out of work, no food for a long time, on one foot a foot split clear to the toe, on the other a rubber. Well, he met some kind hearts this time, and was given a good breakfast. The old lady went over him. It was very touching to see this woman's emotion over the poor fellow.

Bunker next. Suddenly we drop down into a valley and we are in a nice little village, the trading centre of this part of the country. Dinner at a boarding-house. Pleasant gentleman other side of the table. Enter another gentleman. We are soon in conversation and discover he had played in one of our bands in England, ten years ago. Still has a warm heart for the S. A. Visited Rev. Mr. Anderson, Methodist minister. Say, boss, what do you think of a preacher who announced our meeting, got the bells put up, and then invited me to use his pulpit Sunday next? I must say I have received much kindness from the ministers in this back country. They have very large circuits to travel—some 20 and some 30 miles.

I hear that a Hallelujah bonnet sometimes appears on the street here, but as the owner is five or six miles away, we don't get the chance of seeing her; but this shows, sir, that someone, fifty miles from an Army corps, sticks to the uniform.

Next day we start for Bro. Payne's again. Dear Editor, imagine yourself a boy at school again. I am the teacher. How long does it take to go 15 miles at 3 miles an hour? Well, we got there.

Had a lantern service at Girray school-house. A good crowd, fine attention, people delighted. This was Saturday night. Sunday, 2:30 p.m., a crowd. It did my heart good to talk to these people. They only got a service once in two weeks, and I tell you they drank in this one, and invitations were given thick and fast to come again.

Sunday evening, 60 miles from the S. A., no church or meeting in reach, yet what a nice time we had in the old

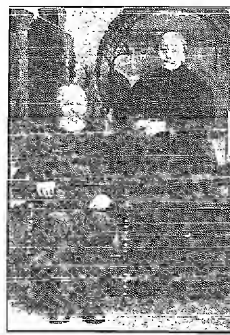
farm house. Bro. P. sang, the children sang, I—this is a secret known only to my acquaintances).

Monday, another drive behind Ned, Coc Hill. The welcome blast of the C. O. R. whistle. I am away for St. Oia. Only one man in the coach. Opened conversation. An ex-Salvationist from B. C. Just been visiting the very place I want to find out about. Strange how the right thing has happened at the right time all through this trip.

St. Oia. The smiling face of Bro. Quakenbush. We are soon at the house of Mr. B. Solmes. I must say I enjoyed my stay here. Everybody, even the baby, seemed to say, "Glad to see you. Make yourself at home."

Evening. Greenbush school-house. This is a model of neatness and cleanliness, and speaks highly for the good taste of the people here. A fine crowd. Rev. Mr. Sanderson (Methodist) came in and led in prayer, and by his kindness made a very nice feeling of unity and fellowship. People gave strict attention to the service, and would gladly have had it repeated. The meeting is dismissed, but Mr. Sanderson stops the people. They must give a vote of thanks. He spoke in high praise of the service, so a vote of thanks was given. God bless this kind minister.

A rapid drive (Mr. S. Burditt, whose photo I enclose, held the lines—he didn't sleep along the road) and we are back to our billet. Waked up early next morning, about 6 a.m., heard the voice of an old man in prayer at the other end of the house. How beautiful it sounded in the early morning. Oh, the glorious sweetness of that sound! Poor, weak man, pouring out his soul to God!



Mr. and Mrs. Wright, of Greenbush School House.

I know no sweeter sound than prayer in the early morning. That what makes angels rejoice, and devils fear and fly. Hallelujah! He was an old man that had done many a hard day's work in soul-winning. I enclose his photo, and that of his dear, good partner in life. God bless them both with a triumphant finish to their earthly journey.

Next day I farewelled to North Hastings. A short run on the cars, during which I had a pleasant talk with an old gentleman, who turns out to be the father of my late host at Port Hope. Change cars. A few miles on the G. T. R., and I am in Adjt. Kendall's quarters, at Belleville, and my trip to North Hastings is over. This was all breaking new ground for my work. It was a very happy trip all round, and if God should order it so, I shall be glad to respond to the many kind invitations and go again.—Joe Parker, Knight.

## What Think Ye of Christ?

"What think ye of Christ?" That was a real question in the beginning of our era, nineteen centuries ago. It has been growing in importance from that day till this. Never was it of such vital moment as at this hour. Never did so large a portion of the world's inhabitants give it the first place as just now. On our answer to that question pivot our answers to all minor questions which confront us in every sphere of practical life, and thought, and being. "What think ye of Christ?"

The road is long from the intention to the completion.—Moliere.

## A BALL-ROOM PLOT.

By R. PITTMAN.

John's scathing report, when he said to Herod's face, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother Philip's wife," was too much for the dignity of the morbid official and the pride and squeamishness of the adulterous Herodias. John delivered the truth fearlessly, irrespective of the social and official positions of the accomplices in the horrible crime. It was a straight shot and it went right home to the mark, and did its work well. Herod committed John to prison, but Herodias was exasperated and would have killed him on the spot, if she could have done so with any pretext of justice.

## A Birthday Party.

At length Herod's annual birthday celebration comes round—with a ball, of course. The very best edibles are provided for the occasion; rich, frothy wines, almost bursting the bottles, in luxurious abundance. The liveried footmen runs around to the nobility with invitations; the guests are assembled, the feast is spread; the tables are inviting even the most fastidious epicure; Herod is roared over and over again, by his obsequious courtiers, until his pride is flattered and his generosity enhanced. But in the midst of all this conviviality there is a murmur of discontent. There are insidious forces at work in that ball-room. Herodias cannot forget John's scathing report. It is the bitterest ingredient in her sweetest cup of pleasure. With every resource for the gratification of the carnal nature within her reach, there she sits, with glum features, tugging her dress and looking the very embodiment of vindictiveness, and when a woman thus departs herself, "look out for squalls."

At length the feast is over, and the cup that intoxicates has done its work well. Now for the night dance! The spacious room is prepared, the music strikes up, and away go the dimly-tripping feet on the smoothly-carpeted floors, until the whole company are quickly swept into the madcap of carnal enjoyment. But Salome is the belle of the ball-room. Herod is captivated by her adroit and graceful movements, as he looks on with glowing eye and morbid mind, resolving to take a deeper plunge into the habits of moral degradation. Quickly he loses the power of self-control and promises he will give Salome anything that she may ask, even to the half of his kingdom, and he recklessly clinches the offer with an oath. The grave crisis is now reached, and the forces of earth and hell have met for a combined effort. Salome is so delighted with Herod's gracious offer that she does not know what request to make, and, therefore, very naturally, submits the right of choice to her mother.

## A Fearful Choice.

"Let me see," says the sullen, unbecoming dame—there was someone not far from her elbow just then—"there is that old prophet down in the prison cell who dares to question my maternal rights, and disturb the serenity of my comely features; go and request of Herod his head on a charger."

It was a peremptory decision, prompted by the devil, and an Salome just tripped up to Herod and very dignifiedly said, "I want John's head to be given me on a charger."

Herod was thunderstruck, and would have saved John from this awful fate, but his honor was at stake and his oath was binding. There was an alternative to Herod, and so the awful mandate went forth immediately, that the faithful man of God, who never shrunk from his duty, should now lose his head because of his fidelity to his God.

John receives the startling information with composure, commits his soul to God, smiles at the gleaming blade, places his head on the fatal block as if on a pillow of down, the axe is uplifted, it falls, and the bleeding head falls on one side and the bleeding body on the other side, and faithful John is with the pale army of martyrs before the throne of God.

This was not the first, nor the last heinous plot that has been connected in a ball-room. It is the hottest of

guity from which the devil reaps some of his best harvests. The atmosphere of the ball-room breathes contagion into the moral nature of young persons, and unavoidably relaxes the stronger ties which bind older ones together in the covenant of marriage. Only clarity, will resist the awful effects of the flames of lust, and passion, and revenge that were kindled in the ball-room.

Herod was defeated in a battle with Ananias, his own father-in-law, whose daughter he had divorced in order to marry Herodias, and which divorce had caused the war in which he was defeated. The three accomplices in the marriage of John—Herod, Herodias, and Salome—were compelled to flee to Lyons, where they ended their inhuman lives in wretchedness and disgrace.

## Refining Fire.

By M. F. BLISS.

"The refining put is for silver, and the furnace for gold."—Prov. xvii. 3.

These words have been so often in my mind of late that I thought I would through you, dear War Cry, write a word of encouragement to some of my comrades, who may be feeling discouraged in consequence of the fiery trials they are called upon to endure.

Obedience to God, which is the very essence of consecration, will always bring suffering and trial to the red-dedicated child of God so long as he remains in this sinful world, a world filled in the arms of the wicked one, the devil. Our blessed Savior Himself being a brilliant unto death, even the death of the cross, became

## Perfect Through Suffering.

The furnace was sometimes heated for Him, the precious Lamb of God, and all for us; and shall we not esteem it an honor to suffer with Him and for Him, my comrades, and be willing to remain in the furnace just as long as God pleases, knowing that the Great Refiner is sitting by watching the process, and just as soon as He can see His own blessed image reflected in us, we shall come forth as gold seven times purified? As in earthly warfare, the best officers and soldiers are put to the front, under the hottest fire, so we, my comrades, if fully given up to God, and determined to obey Him at all costs, are exposed to the fiercest attacks of the enemy, the fierce darts of the devil, and the bitter persecutions from so-called Christian friends; but instead of being discouraged, let us rejoice in the blessed assurance that "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

Let Us "Endure as Seeing Him Who is Invisible."

The trial may be very long, the furnace very hot, but we shall come forth as gold, and shall stand among that "countless multitude who have gone up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

"Refining fire go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul,  
Scatter Thy light through every part,  
And sanctify the whole."

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**ANNAPOLIS, N. S.**—One soul has been properly converted to God since last report. We have had officers and soldiers from Digby for special meetings. Desperate storm. None saved, but a very pleasant evening was spent. Our Sergeant-Major said good-bye at the close. —M. R., D. C.

**BEAR RIVER.**—Five precious souls this past week makes us to rejoice in our blessed Saviour. —E. A. Morine.

**WHITTE.**—Week-end was a glorious time. Fine crowds outside and indoors. —Cor.

**CARBONAR.**—We had a very special time on Wednesday night. The Life-Boat, led by Capt. Pudge. Our hall was crowded. Everyone delighted with the meeting. God came very near and showed the unsaved their need of jumping on board the Life-boat in time. Saturday night we welcomed our new D. O. Adj. McGee. And bless him. All day Sunday God came in power and help us. At night, one soul in the Fountain. —A. Soldier.

#### Calamity to a Cry Bomber.

**CHARLOTTETOWN.**—Friends will deeply sympathize with our valued Secretary, Mary E. Ellis, who, while engaged this morning in selling War Crys, had the misfortune to fall, breaking her right arm, near the wrist. Our prayers will go up at that she may speedily be restored to her place in this salvation war which she loves so well. Several have recently knelt at the patient form, finding pardon and forgiveness. We also rejoice to welcome back to our ranks Bro. Whittle and Sister Mrs. White. —H.

**CLINTON.**—We have just taken hold of the work here. The comrades are a real hearty welcome. They are a lively, enthusiastic band of warriors. We are one in the Siege, going in to defeat the powers of darkness. —Lieut. Plant, for Capt. Campbell.

#### The Zonophone Ekumenos.

**COATCOCKE.**—We have had a visit from our D. O. Staff Captain Taylor, which was much enjoyed. Much blessing and help was received from his visit. The Staff Captain brought with him the Zonophone, which helped to make the meeting very interesting to the people. Next we had a visit from the G. B. M. Special the honorable Jos. Parker, Esq., with his magic lantern, which gave us two services, entitled, "Home, sweet home," which proved a good success. At our outpost quite a large crowd was present, and was very much pleased with the service. We are now under happy circumstances, very again we will have greater success. We will expect the same special at our next corps in the near future. —Lieut. M. E. Cook, for Capt. E. Dawson.

#### A Harvest of Souls.

**DILLIO.**—On Sunday night last 12 knelt at the patient form; one of them went away unsaved, the others found salvation. On Monday night another one came out and got saved. On Tuesday we had with us Brigadier Sharp, our P. O. Adj. Boggs, and Adj. Kent. The Brigadier led a very powerful holiness meeting in the afternoon, in which five gave themselves to God afresh, and at night we had the joy of seeing six more come to Jesus. Last week's War Cry all sold.

**FARGO, N. D.**—Four souls seeing a clean heart, and one for salvation. —M. H. S.

**FEVERHAM.**—Capt. Wadde has just arrived and taken hold of things. Since taking hold two souls have sought and found the Saviour.

**PORT WILLIAM.**—Had our T. F. S. Esq. Perry, with us for 18th and 19th Blessed times. Lantern service entitled "The Gypsy Girl," was very touching. Our forces were strengthened on Monday night by officers and comrades from the Port, and one brother returned to the fold. —Charlie E. Barrager, Capt.

#### A Beneficent Bean Service.

**GLACE BAY.**—On Saturday evening we had a bean social, the proceeds of which amounted to \$15. Towards the close of the social some overgrown boys came in with enough liquor aboard to give them the "convulsion" which they lacked when sober and endeavored to make it interesting. They only succeeded in disgracing themselves, and, sad to say, the families which some of them are responsible for training and supporting. —Sergeant-Major.

**HAMILTON, Ont.**—The second S. A. wedding took place in Hamilton barracks on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 14th, when a vast crowd of people were gathered to witness the union of Sergeant-Major G. B. Taten with our old friend and District Officer, Adjutant Matthews. All the officers of the District were present, each of whom took part in the evening's program. Capt. Goodwin and Capt. Cowan, who have only lately come to Bermuda, sang very sweetly together. "The Sunlight of Love." Mrs. Miller read the lesson, after which the Rev. Dr. Burrows, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, of this city, tied the nuptial knot. We extend hearty congratulations to the groom, and to the bride our best wishes for her future welfare, and a loving welcome back to Bermuda. —C. L. Special Cor.

#### General Harbord to the Front.

**HANTS HARBOR.**—On Thursday night a very special meeting was held by the volunteer warriors of Hants Harbord. It was given out to be a sisters' meeting. They would command the building that night. Mrs. M. Loder took the collection, the Captain was there. The platform looked nice after twenty-nine sisters had taken their places on it, each one wearing a white sash and caps of all kinds and all shapes, with the Army band across them. Owing to sickness and the shipyard walking, quite a few of our sisters could not get out to help in this meeting. Our barracks was filled with a fine crowd of people, and a fine meeting was held. We have our great large sister in our corps. She goes by the name of Mother Mitchell. Now, this is the General among women-warriors, and a fine one she is, too—General Mitchell. They danced, and sang, and soled. —A lover of the War Cry.

**HELENA.**—On Sunday evening Adj. Stevens conducted five recruits as salvation soldiers. People are coming to see and believe that "Salvation is the best thing in the world," and, as one brother said in his testimony, "There is nothing like it." glorious meetings all day Sunday. Good crowds, and we believe considerable gain obtained on the hearts of many. Helena is decidedly on the upgrade, spiritually, and financially as well. The Army has many warm friends here. Adj. Stevens and Capt. Scott have had the seats painted and a new floor laid, and otherwise repaired and renovated the barracks until it looks very cheerful and inviting. —E. H. Wickesman.

#### Twenty Below Zero.

**HUSTVILLE.**—Siege started well. Sunday morning a gentle Muskeka storm was raging, but 23 braved it and came to knee drill. The Janitors also did well in spite of snow and drift. In the afternoon one brother returned and admitted to God's long-suffering in his testimony of having been under con-

viction for over a year. At night another wanderer returned. Fifteen on the march at night in the teeth of the storm (then registering 20° below zero) speaks well for the comrades' determination to make this siege the best yet. —J. H., Sergeant-Major.



Capt. Keeler and Gerlie Simpson, in "The Story of a Wandering Boy."

**KENTVILLE, N. S.**—Siege begun in good earnest. Knee-drill better. Good time at hallows meeting. A terrible storm raged outside while a few gathered for the free-and-easy in the afternoon. One backslider got free, while two prisoners were captured at night. Soldiers full of the fighting spirit, and determined to make the Siege a success. —A. Jess. —C.

**MISSOULA, Mont.**—Last Sunday night Capt. Walcott, who has been here for about three months, farewelled us to Anacostia to help push on the war there. On Tuesday night Cadet Wilsey, who has been accepted, farewelled us to Great Falls to assist in the work there. In Sunday morning's holiness meeting one soul farewelled from sin, and one in Sunday afternoon's meeting, and on Monday night another one came out on the Lord's side, making three precious souls since last report. Good collections. Soldiers all on fire for the salvation of souls. —J. H. Frost, R. C.

#### Brigadier Pugmire at the Point.

**MONTREAL II.**—The rain descended and the floods came, and our old barracks being in bad repair, we were obliged to hold our meetings elsewhere. We are able to have them on Sundays only, as our work is kind of crippled by the time being. Still, on Saturday night we had a splendid time, it being the welcome of Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire to Pt. St. Charles. It was very important for marching, but we had quite a large attendance, and then inside there were, besides our new P. O's, Staff Capt. Taylor, Adj. Wiseman and Robert, Ensign and Mrs. Williams, from No. 1 corps, and their brass band. Staff Capt. Taylor introduced the Brigadier, and we gave him a real welcome, of which we think he is quite worthy. Then there was a presentation of colors to the corps. After explaining the meaning of the different colors, they were given over to Color-Sergeant. Bro. Bullock, Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire then sang



together, after which the Bible was read and the invitation given to the sinner. Owing to the illness of Capt. McNulty, the war is being led on by Capt. Young, and what with no barracks and no help she has her hands full. —W. J. G.

**MUSGRAVE TOWN.**—Sunday was a day of victory, God wonderfully blessing. One precious soul in the Fountain. We are on fire for souls. —S. Reader, Treas.

**NANAIMO.**—Tuesday night, an old-time banquet. One lady gave seven pies, also made an excuse because she had not more. You can judge what the rest gave. Sunday, two souls for salvation, and one drank on Wednesday night, prayed for himself. Ensign Staiger for three days. Splendid time. Keep your eye on the G. B. M. Agent. \$4.13 of the new boxes for the month of January. She also has succeeded in placing a number of small boxes in good places. The father that brought the apples and chickens to Captain E. still pays us a visit, also the neighbor's girl is seen coming every week with a large basket. The dollar bills came also, this time for the Vancouver Rescue Home. Staff Captain Galt, Adj. Dodd, and Cadet Whitmore, at Victoria, with us for a week-end. Saturday night musical blizzard; Sunday night, real outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Three souls at the finish. —Maple.

**OMEMEE.**—We are having big times here. After three weeks' hard fighting, one soul brought out of darkness into light, and more deeply convicted. —Lieut. Marsell.

#### So Happy had to Dance.

**ORILLIA.**—Soldiers and officers on the war path. Went to Rama last Monday night and had a meeting with the Indians. Everybody so happy that they could not keep still, so started dancing. Two souls for salvation and two for holiness this week. —Lieut. Greavett.

**OSHAWA.**—Sunday afternoon we marched to the home of dear Mother Stanton, who had been ill for quite a while. We had a short upsurge, had a word of testimony from the old warrior, and then proceeded to the barracks, where we had a public communion on the 7th. M. C. M. Agent, Capt. L. A. Patenden, Lieut.

**PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.**—We had an interesting meeting on Thursday, in re-commissioning of the land and Local Officers, about 25 in all. We were appointed in the Chancellor not being able to be present, as announced; however there was a very good crowd in attendance, and a very favorable collection. A very good day on Sunday. In the afternoon Bro. Musgrave read the Bible lesson from Isaiah, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion." In the evening a large attendance; some definite testimonies from the comrades. Mrs. Westcott at the front with the sword of the Spirit in hand. Several were on the point of decision. —Capt. and Mrs. Westcott.

#### Fire in the Old Fortress.

**QUEBEC.**—Our crowds are increasing and also our collections, while our War Cry sell like hot cakes. Best of all, God is saving precious souls. I would like to make special mention of two cases, a young man and young woman, who got soundly saved last week, and, oh, how my own soul has got blessed in hearing them pray and testify what great things God has done for them. On Sunday last we had an old friend and comrade, Ensign Joe Elliott, with us. We had a grand, old-time meeting, and although no one yielded, some held up their hands to be prayed for. Captain Hixtable and Capt. T. Blose have rich hold of the people, and God is wonderfully blessing their labors. For myself I am glad to report victory in my own soul and also the blessing of a clean heart. —David Cusick, a 13-year-old soldier.

**RAT PORTAGE.**—The Siege has commenced, and we are determined to reach our target. During the first week-end God was with us. Soldiers were very much blessed. Crowds were good, and we closed the day with three souls. —J. C. H.

**SKAGWAY.**—We have had a real Salvation Army wedding. Army comrades, Harry Jackson and Julia Chatter, were the contracting parties. The progress was necessarily slow owing to our being obliged to talk through an interpreter, but, though slowly, real souls were known, and another couple launched on the sea of matrimonial bliss. The bride and groom had each a word of testimony. —Adj. McGill.

**ST. JOHNS I.**—We had a blessed time at old No. 1 last week. 24 souls at the Cross, some for pardon, some for cleansing. A successful banquet on Thursday night. Proceeds to go towards the band War Cry sold out.—H. C. Ebbary, S. M.

**ST. THOMAS.**—We have had the joy of seeing two souls return to the fold. We are watching and working for a revival.—W. J. S.

**STRATHROY.**—We have just been favored with a visit from our new P. O. Brigadier Howell, accompanied by Staff Capt. Phillips. A very good crowd turned out to the meeting, and, best of all, one soul came forward and gave her heart to God. We all say, "Come again, Brigadier and Staff-Captain." Saturday night we had a visit from Esigun Hoddinot, and he gave us a very interesting lantern service. In spite of the cold, quite a number attended. Finance good. Sunday we commenced our Siege meetings. At 7 o'clock a few came to wait on God. Good spirit among the soldiers, and we have made a good start. We are believing for good success during the Siege.—H. Freeman.

**ST. THOMAS.**—Good and very enthusiastic meeting all day Sunday. Three precious souls came out for salvation.—W. J. Turner.

#### War Cry Well Looked After.

**TILT COVE.**—Sunday we rejoiced over two souls in the Fountain. Lieut. Flood bonus the War Cry and helps him. Curry said, "We hope we shall see their names in the Hostlers' Roll."—L. Smart, P. C.

**TWILLINSHATE.**—We have had the joy of seeing a number of souls weeping at the Cross. Backsliders are coming home. Soldiers and Sergeants are all on fire and in for victory. Two workings on Saturday night.—Eugene Cooper.

**VALLEY CITY.**—Meetings mostly well attended, with good order and increased interest. Our new officers are well received. On Monday night the hall was more than filled to listen to the music and song service of Adj. Thomas.—Wm. P. Harvey, for Esigun Taylor.

**VICTORIA.**—Beautiful meetings. Saturday an enrolment of Local Officers and bandsmen. Staff-Capt. Galt has every thing shipshape. Sunday's meetings grand. Band out at jail meeting. One man saved. Praise God! Souls have been saved lately. Bro. and Sister Willard have taken their stand again. God bless them. We are glad to see them back again. "There is no place like home." The sister of one of our last converts gave God her heart. The wife and sister and himself form another little group.—M. L.

**WESTVILLE.**—After a time of spiritual decline in this corps, things are coming up again. Some of the converts who lost their joy and peace acknowledged it. The meetings are better. The attendance and attention at the holiness meeting on Sunday morning was the best for a long time.—Sin McDonald, Esigun.

**WOODSTOCK.**—Have had four souls, and knelled four soldiers since last report. One saved at drill-drill Sunday morning. Getting our guns in shape for the coming Siege.—J. Crawford, Esigun.

#### BRIGADIER AND MRS. HOWELL VISIT SINCOE.

Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 24th and 25th, was announced as the welcome meetings to our new P. O. Saturday evening, as our leaders stepped from the truth they were greeted by a throng from a few of the comrades who had assembled to greet them.

The Saturday night meeting was a proper welcome meeting. A welcome song composed by our J. S. Sergeant-Major, was sung by three of our Juniors. A good time was enjoyed by all.

Sunday, being stormy and cold, with the thermometer about zero, hindered numbers of people from attending the meetings who were very anxious to do so; nevertheless, quite a few people ventured out, and a beautiful time was experienced by all.

The final battle at night was a meeting which will soon be forgotten, and four souls wept their way to the Cross, one of which was a man who, in months past, had fought for God in the field. We rejoiced over his return. The total results for the campaign were five for salvation and two for the blessing. Come again, Brigadier and Mrs. Howell.—Adj. McFarlane.

## Miss Booth at the Garden City

### "THE SCARLET THREAD" AT HAMILTON AND ST. CATHARINES.

The atmosphere was cheerfully crisp, the sun radiant, the train on time, and a bright group waiting to welcome those whom it brought. Yet there was an undoubted shadow overshadowing the arrival of the Scarlet Thread Company at Hamilton. Its beloved leader, the Field Commissioner, was not there. With reluctance we had had to leave her on a sick couch in Toronto, from which it was found out of the question for her to rise in time for the meeting in the Audubon City.

Hamilton was disappointed—it could hardly be otherwise. Over Adj. Goodwin's smiling smiles on April died was thrown; she felt for her soldiers' disappointment as much as her own. However, the dramatics person of the Commissioner's story, "The Scarlet Thread," were all in evidence, and a mystic and (to the uninitiated) mad array of scenic properties promised that, save for the much-lamented absence of the Commissioner, the meeting would go through as announced.

A word of explanation re the meeting itself may not be out of place. It is the representation in living, graphic picture form of the Commissioner's story of the same name, the conclusion of which appears in our present issue. Its forcible expounding of the horrors of the drink traffic and then degrading influences upon home and children, make such scenes as those enacted in the Scarlet Thread to rank as valuable adjuncts to the cause of righteousness. Then, the work of the Salvation Army in the fashionable cafe and low saloon, in the squalid slum, street and prison cell is presented in a concise and pleasing way. A bitter conception of the curse of sin, and a clearer view of the possibilities of salvation should be its effect upon all who witness it.

While retaining many of the features which helped to make the meeting at Massey Hall so popular, there has been considerable revision in the scenes, and the whole appears new in their attractive setting. The suitable and convenient scenery, which has been so ably designed by Brigadier Friedrich, fully justifies the expectations entertained of it.

#### In the Association Hall.

The interested crowd which attended the Association Hall that Friday night did not attempt to leave until after ten, when the curtain was drawn over the triumphant salvation finale of the Scarlet Thread. Indeed, if the remark of a friend may be taken as representative of others, many were loath to leave then, for she said, "I could have looked and listened for four hours longer."

Brigadier Gaskin arrived on the scene as the meeting started, to express the Commissioner's sorrow at her unavoidable absence, and assist in the meeting engineering.

On Saturday morning the Scarlet Thread wound itself into travelling camp again, and started for St. Catharines.

We found the Garden City on its winter early, one of its characteristics is a capacity to reproduce either summer or winter in an idealized version. The ascent of the white pass from the station to the quarters, which the party took by steam, will remain a snowy spot in the memories of each. However, we held to the trail, with a few minor descents into the snowy abysses, which continually surrounded it, and the representatives of the Scarlet Thread turned up in their various roles at the Opera House at night apparently none the worse.

The six o'clock train was a herald of joy, for it brought into our midst the Commissioner, who had struggled to her feet to fulfill the promised word. She was accompanied by Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read.

#### St. Catharines.

The crowd on Saturday night was a credit to St. Catharines. The Commissioner's appearance on the stage to speak the introduction to the service, was greeted with prolonged applause. There was also continual manifestations of appreciation of the Scarlet Thread. The denunciation of the saloon-keeper by the dramatics wife and child scene.

On Sunday the weather would scarcely have been more propitious. A blizzard overhead and a tangle of frozen snow underneath had to be faced by all wayfarers, yet very good crowds faced the Commissioner, and two meetings fraught with lasting profit to the city were conducted.

The holiness meeting, conducted by Brigadier Friedrich, assisted by the officers of the company, in the barracks, was a heart-searching and helpful time; the meetings in the Opera House lending ringing echoes of salvation in that hall and beyond it.

Despite her great weakness, the Commissioner spoke with exceptional force and authority. At night especially her denunciation of righteousness made sinners tremble—she seemed like some inspired prophet upon the stage of the Opera House warning of doom, yet pointing to mercy. In both meetings, not the least appreciated of the Commissioner's remarks were those which portrayed South African scenes, and told of the faith and fortitude which is manifested there by soldiers of the Salvation Army who are also soldiers of the Queen.

Conviction lined many faces as our leader, exhausted, sank into a chair in the conclusion of her impassioned appeal, but although none yielded, the influence of that meeting yet live and will be seen.

The Commissioner sang several times, accompanying herself on the harp, each selection being manifestly much appreciated.

Happy the man who leaves the very wife whom that lies between his wishes and his powers.—Goethe.

## The Commissioner's Western Tour.

### MISS BOOTH

WILL VISIT

GRAND FORKS ..... Tuesday, April 3rd.  
BUTTE ..... Friday, April 6th.  
SPOKANE .... Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 7th, 8th and 9th.  
ROSSLAND ..... Thursday, April 12th.  
(MISS BOOTH IN RAGS.)  
NELSON ..... Saturday and Sunday, April 14th and 15th.  
(SATURDAY, SOLDIERS' MEETING.)  
VICTORIA, Wednesday and Thursday, April 18th and 19th.  
VANCOUVER ..... Sunday, April 22nd.

## COMING EVENTS

### The Field Commissioner,

Accompanied by

Brigadier Friedrich and Party,

Will Visit

### LINDSAY ACADEMY OF MUSIC

on

Thursday, March 15th,

And Present Her New Scenic Service,

### "The Scarlet Thread."

### LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

Staff-Captain Mantion,

will visit

Oshawa, Thursday, March 29.

Bayhamville, Friday, March 30.

Peterboro, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 31, April 1, 2.

### LIEUT. COL. MRS. READ,

(The Rescue Secretary)

WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT SPECIAL SERVICES

at

BRANTFORD, Friday, March 16.

LONDON, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 17, 18, 19.

CHATHAM, Thurs. and Fri., March 22, 23.

WINNIPEG, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 21, 22, 23.

ESSON, Tues. and Wed., March 27, 28.

ST. THOMAS, Thursday, March 29.

### BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will conduct special meetings as follows:

Huron St., old No. 13, Saturday, March 24, to Sunday, April 1 (inclusive).

### MAJOR PICKERING

will visit the following places:

Fredericton, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 17, 18, 19.

Moncton, Tues. and Wed., March 20, 21.

Woodstock, Thursday, March 22.

St. Stephen, Fri. and Sat., March 23, 24.

### Her Sufferings O'er.

HANT'S HARBOR.—Death has been doing its work in our little neighborhood. After a long time of suffering from that fearful disease, consumption, the wife of Bro. Travis passed away, on Monday morning, Feb. 26th. The funeral service took place on Tuesday. While visiting this sister she said she was all right in her soul. On Sunday night we held her memorial service. There was a large crowd present. God's Spirit was troubling many a heart, yet no one yielded.—Capt. England.

### Drop the Copper.

A little child was one day playing with a valuable vase, when he pushed it into it and could not withdraw it. His father, too, tried his best to get it out, but all in vain. They were talking of breaking the vase, when the father said, "Now, my son, make me more try: open your hand and hold your fingers out straight, as you see me doing, and then pull." To their astonishment the little fellow said, "Oh, no, papa; I couldn't put out my fingers like that, for if I did I would drop my penny." He had been holding on to a penny all the time! No wonder he could not withdraw his hand. How many of us are like him! Drop the copper, surrender, let go, and God will give you gold.

## CHASING THE DEVIL



## GREAT BRITAIN

The Leeds Theatre Royal was packed for the General's meetings. 88 souls were captured. The meetings were excellent.

Self-Denial is the order of the day.

At Bristol the General held some officers' councils. 450 officers gathered together. The councils are reported being exceptionally spiritual.

The midday meetings at International Headquarters have considerably increased in interest under the enterprising leadership of Brigadier Marston. The Brigadier is arranging for a week's special prayer and intercession on behalf of stricken India. Commissioner N. is to open the series.

A batch of five women-officers have left for Genoa, en route for Boulay; the names are Elisha Cotton, Capt. R. well, McGregor, Boyce, and Lieut. D. They paid their final farewell to the British comrades at a midday meeting, 1. M. Q. It was an enthusiastic send-off. No sooner had the knoe-bell rung than the boom of drum and charge of Indian cyphals, accompanied by a lively chorus, rang through the hall. The Foreign Office, marched the following officers, in Indian costume, through the principal offices, on through Thames Street and back through main entrance to the midday meeting room. Each of these comrades were tried officers, and we predict a career of glorious usefulness for them each in the Indian battlefield.

The Record Hall comrades have a scheme on hand for the renovation and redecoration of their hall, at a cost over £800. In connection with the carrying of the necessary funds, the arranging of a weekly band festival.

### Holland.

It is cheering to hear that Brig. Schuch, of Holland, has recovered from the severe attack of bronchitis which confined him to the house recently.

Our work in Alkmaar, Holland, been hampered for years by the situation of our hall on the outskirts of the town, and our inability to secure more suitable premises. A Catholic gentleman recently attended a meeting led by Commissioner Bonth-Cuthbert was much blessed that he, the next offered the Commissioner a room in the centre of the city. Needless to say, the offer was promptly accepted.

### Ceylon.

#### BRIGADIER PRABHU DAS ON TOUR

I spent seven days in the Bangalore Division, and visited eleven camps. The exception of one or two, I found the corps in a good and progressive state.

At each meeting we had a splendid attendance of soldiers, etc. Amusing things were held as well, with great success. On the whole, the schools are on the up grade. We met something about Local Officers at these camps and good times with them.



# Field Commissioner,

Accompanied by  
 Brigadier Friedrich and Party,  
 Will Visit  
**ACADEMY OF MUSIC**  
 on  
 Thursday, March 15th,  
 Sent For New Scene Service,  
**"Scarlet Thread,"**

## COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by  
 Staff-Captain Mantion,  
 will visit  
 Thursday, March 20,  
 Friday, March 20,  
 Sat., Sun. and Mon., March  
 21, 22.

## COL. MRS. READ,

(the Rescue Secretary)  
 will conduct SPECIAL SERVICES  
 at  
 Friday, March 16,  
 Sat., Sun. and Mon., March  
 19,  
 20, Thurs. and Fri., March  
 21, 22, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March  
 23, 24, Tues. and Wed., March 27, 28,  
 Thurs., March 29.

## MR and Mrs. GASKIN

will hold special meetings as follows:  
 Sat. No. 1, Saturday, March  
 20, Sunday, April 1 (inclusive).

## MR PICKERING

will hold the following places:  
 Sat., Sun. and Mon., March  
 20, 21, 22, Tues. and Wed., March 23, 24,  
 Thurs., March 25, Fri. and Sat., March 26, 27.

## Sufferings O'er

**HARBOR.**—Death has been  
 in our little neighborhood.  
 Time of suffering from that  
 disease, consumption, the wife  
 is passed away, on Monday  
 morning, 10th. The funeral service  
 on Tuesday. While visiting  
 she said she was all right on  
 Sunday night we held her  
 hand. There was a large  
 crowd. God's Spirit was  
 manifest, yet no one yielded.

## Top the Copper.

There was one day playing  
 the table game, when he put in  
 a big bet and could not withdraw it.  
 He tried his best to get it  
 out, but it was in vain. They were talking  
 the game, when the father  
 of the son, make one more try.  
 He did hold your fingers and  
 then saw me doing, and then  
 our astonishment the little  
 son, now, I couldn't  
 fingers like that, for if I  
 drop my penny? He had  
 on to a penny all the time.  
 He could not withdraw his  
 money of us like him.  
 After, surrender, let go, and  
 you gold.

# THE WAR CRY.



## CHASING THE DEVIL

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 British comrades at a midday meeting at  
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 send-off. No sooner had the knee-drill  
 been rung than the bands of drum and  
 band of Indian gymbals, accompanying  
 a lively chorus, rang through the cor-  
 ridors of 1.11.11. Staff-Capt. Lewis, of  
 the Foreign Office, marched the fare-  
 well officers, in Indian costume,  
 through the principal offices, and through  
 Thames Street and back through the  
 main entrance to the midday meeting-  
 room. Each of these comrades are well-  
 known officers, and we predict a career of  
 glorious usefulness for them each on  
 the Indian battlefield.

The Regent Hall comrades have a big  
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 re-decoration of their hall, at a cost of  
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 in the centre of the city. New-  
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## Ceylon.

**BRIGADIER PRADHU DAS ON TOUR.**  
 I spent seven days in the Rambakham  
 Division, and visited eleven corps. With  
 the exception of one or two, I found all  
 the corps in a good and progressive con-  
 dition.  
 At each meeting we had a splendid at-  
 tendance of soldiers, etc. Junior meet-  
 ings were held as well, with great suc-  
 cess. On the whole, the schools are on  
 the up grade. We met something like  
 ninety Local Officers at these corps and  
 had good times with them.

## British Guiana.

Although in this lovely colony we have  
 not the beautiful Christmas season of  
 snow and ice, yet these people know  
 how to appreciate a good holiday, and  
 Christmas was looked forward to with  
 the same eagerness as in the Mother  
 Country. Shops showed the same extra  
 activity as in any other large city, and  
 everywhere preparations were going on  
 weeks beforehand. Many natives from  
 the goldfields arrived in town daily,  
 making things very lively with their  
 native songs and guitars. The Salvation  
 Army was among the busiest, for they  
 undertook to provide a free Christmas  
 dinner for 150 aged people. The day was  
 beautiful and bright, like an English  
 July day, and the red bodices and white  
 caps of the Army ladies were running in  
 all directions, told of something exciting  
 going on. The front of the beautiful  
 Town Hall was a scene which made the  
 hardest heart smile with compassion.  
 There were the blind and the lame, and  
 the deaf, the poorest from all parts of  
 the city, until 100 were comfortably  
 seated at the beautifully-decorated tables.  
 Many of the guests were too feeble to  
 help themselves, and had to be fed;

## JAPAN

Prof. Watson Smith writes thus of a  
 friend of the Army: "Here is a beautiful  
 testimony from a Japanese friend, Prof.  
 Shimomura, who is now manager of  
 extensive works in Osaka. He is a  
 friend of the Salvation Army, and when  
 once in London came with me to an  
 Auxiliary meeting at Headquarters, and  
 gave an interesting testimony there.  
 He has been endeavoring to introduce  
 the process of making hard rolls in  
 closed rollers, for use in iron blast-  
 furnaces, into Japan, and, after ex-  
 tensive efforts and much anxiety, he has at  
 last succeeded. After recounting all this  
 to his beautiful acknowledgment  
 of the help and support of a Heavenly  
 Father's blessing: 'Now that I have ac-  
 complished the two above objects, I  
 greet the rising sun of this first day  
 of New Year with a heart light and  
 happy, full of gratitude to the Almighty.'

## PARIS EXHIBITION.

In order to oblige friends and comrades  
 from all parts of the world who intend  
 visiting Paris this year, Commissioner  
 Booth-Holberg has made arrangements  
 which will enable him to supply visitors  
 with respectable lodgings at reasonable  
 terms. Full particulars on application to  
**MAJOR VAN ALLEN,**  
 3 Rue Aubor, Paris.



The following cable was sent to the  
 London War Cry by Colonel Higgins:  
 "The Congress was a great triumph.  
 The Carnegie Music Hall was crowded  
 with people, hundreds being turned aw-  
 ay, and the brilliant and enthusiastic  
 scene continued till nearly midnight.  
 "One hundred Staff and five hundred  
 Field Officers were present at the four-  
 days' council. These formed a glorious  
 series, and were marked by marvellous  
 outpourings of Holy Ghost light,  
 liberty, and power.  
 "The General's letter to the Staff as-  
 suring the greatest enthusiasm, and was  
 replied to by the almost unanimous ac-  
 ceptance and loyalty.  
 "Admiral" is the battle-cry of the  
 hour.  
 "Commissioner Howard's presence was  
 helpful and stimulating. God was  
 mightily with our Commander and Coun-  
 cil.  
 "We had the joy of seeing 125 souls  
 come out at the public meetings."

Commissioner Howard's welcome to  
 Chicago was enthusiastic. 100 officers  
 and Cadets were gathered in council.  
 25 speakers for salvation and holiness in  
 the afternoon. 300 rose in consecration  
 at night.

The Commander and Consul are both  
 on the war path. Splendid meetings are  
 reported at each place visited.

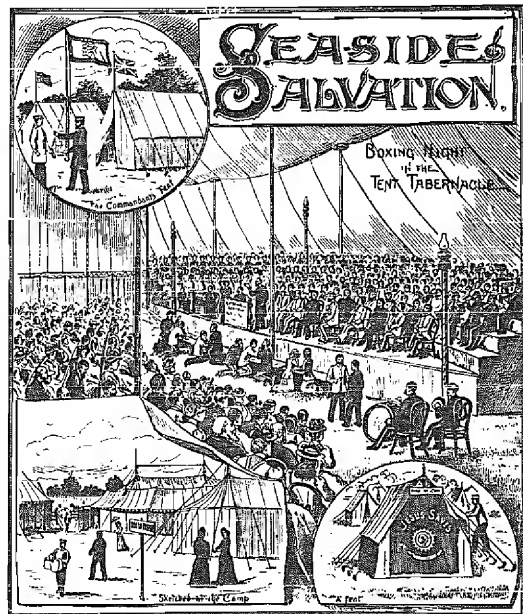
A "First Aid to the Injured" Class  
 has been formed in New York in con-  
 nection with the Corps Cadet Branch.

Lieut.-Colonel Brewer has been ill, and  
 was compelled to cancel his trip to the  
 coast for a while.

There is nothing, either good or bad,  
 but thinking makes it so.—Shakespeare.

Character is a garment which the in-  
 visible fingers of the soul are ever weav-  
 ing.—George Eliot.

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure  
 at least of this, that you are dreadfully  
 like other people. Human nature has a  
 much greater room for sinfulness than  
 for originality.



A CHRISTMAS CAMP IN AUSTRALIA.

thus relieving us of all expenditure. This  
 was a kind of thanksgiving meeting for  
 all that God and the Army had done for  
 the people, especially in connection with  
 the recent privileges granted by the  
 government to them through the Army.  
 The people presented us with an ad-  
 dress and 250 cups as a thank-offer.

The meeting was a very impressive and  
 influential one, and one that will do our  
 work a great deal of good in the future.  
 We had the two headmen up to the  
 front, and advised them with regard to  
 doing their work honestly, etc.

Very affirmative references were  
 made to the life and death  
 of Staff-Captain Jess Pickers,  
 at that time the people all over  
 the place looking out in solemn and  
 crying. From this place we repaired to  
 Talampaya II, (which is the centre of  
 the Rambakham Division), and held the  
 where the leading children of the Division  
 will be gathered and taught a  
 higher knowledge of Singulose and a  
 little English. One of our Sergeants-Majors  
 presented us with the land, and the  
 people are going to put up the building  
 forty by twenty feet at their own  
 cost (Rs. 250).

Choose ever the plainest road, it al-  
 ways answers best.—Harrington.

two of the number were over one hun-  
 dred years old, and were treated to a  
 ride to the hall. The tables were filled  
 with two kinds of soup, fowls, pepper-  
 pot (a dainty dish for holidays), corned  
 beef and ham, flaming with roscum  
 tarts and plum pudding. These, with  
 250 quart bottles of red lemonade, made  
 up a fine repast. The merriment of the  
 dear old people reached a high pitch  
 when the brass band struck up a lively  
 tune, and many felt they would like to  
 have given vent to their feelings in a  
 good dance. An Army Alkmaar was  
 given to each in remembrance of the  
 happy occasion.

## Germany

Commissioner McKie has opened a  
 Rescue Home at Cologne, to accommo-  
 date fifteen women.

It was accorded a few weeks ago that  
 Elling—a German corps—had registered  
 forty-seven souls at the penitence form.  
 Forty of these have just been sworn in  
 as soldiers—an exceptionally good per-  
 centage, which reflects great credit on  
 the officers in charge.

# HUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS

Hats Off to Howell and Pickering—Lieut. Smith Wins the Duel—  
"Never Prophecy Unless You Know"—Booming in 57' Below.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

## THE ONTARIO COMPETITION

West Ontario Province	92
Central Ontario Province	87
East Ontario Province	78

Hats off again to Brigadier Howell!

And don't be too hard on Nigger, of the Central. He's only five yards behind!

Lieut. Smith wasn't relieved in a week, and you can't expect Brigadier Paganini to get there all at a jump! Give him time.

My choice last week proves correct. The dead heat between Capt. Stitzer and Lieut. Smith has been broken, and the Lieutenant comes out smiling, with 204 to his credit. Well done, Lieutenant!

The West Ontario Province does well to send in no less than ten century runners.

## THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov.	118	North-West.	43
		Pacific	41
		Newfoundl'd.	13
		Klondike	2
Totals	118		99

"As easy as rolling off a log!"

Thus Major Pickering, of the Eastern Province, he seems to be sure of his facts.

Still, in these days of surprises, one must not think himself secure because he happens to "get there" once or twice.

"Never prophecy unless you know," is one of Mark Twain's great mottoes. Adopting this, I shall not indulge in picking out next week's winner.

The North-West helped him by a decrease of ten, and the Pacific also made it easy by not doing better.

Newfoundland is down again. Only three, of course, but it's a decrease all the same. Oh, my poor heart!

The two Klondikers this week save the reputation of that part of the field. I see they had a touch of cold in Dawson in February. The thermometer registered 57' below! It is to be hoped Adj. Morris was fortunate enough to secure a snapshot of Lieut. Atkins bounding War Cry on the crowded (7) streets of Dawson at the above-mentioned temperature. I am waiting for it.



**BRO. MOORS.**  
Montreal I.  
One of our  
Buerette  
War Cry  
Browsers.

The barometer records the following rises: French corps, Montreal, 75. Well done, mes chers camarades! Allez-vous-en! (This is a favorite French phrase of mine, not patented.) Souris, Man., unless 50 Cree. Bible rises 7, Greenwood 2, and St. John III. 30. Congratulations, all.

Sad to say there are some falls, which I will not expose here.

## THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Smith, London	204
Capt. Stitzer, Woodstock	175
Lieut. Fyfe, Stratford	140
Mrs. Bateman, Stratford	124
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	112
Lieut. Knuckle, Brantford	110
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	105
Mrs. Bonn, Petrolia	104
Lieut. Munger, Goderich	100
Capt. Hastings, Leamington	100
Ensign Green, Windsor	99
Daisy Bond, Wingham	90
Mrs. Dixon, St. Thomas	85

## OUR MODERN CRUSADE.



"THERE MUST BE NO SLACKING OF OUR DESPERATE EFFORTS OF THE SIEGE TO FORCE THE ARCH-ENEMY FROM HIS STRONGHOLD."

Capt. Hollman, Chatham	75
Ensign Gumbly, Wallaceburg	72
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	70
Lieut. Stickels, Berlin	70
Capt. Freeman, Stratford	70
Annie Wright, Ingersoll	68
Capt. Green, Windsor	68
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	64
Ensign Wakefield, London	63
P. S. M. Dearling, Hespeler	62
Sergt. Alton, Mithelton	60
Capt. Cox, Essex	60
Ensign Slote, Dresden	59
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Stratford	58
Sergt. McGuinn, Blenheim	55
Lieut. Ringler, Norwich	55
Mrs. Cooper, Goderich	54
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	54
Lieut. Pland, Clinton	54
Mrs. Baxter, Petrolia	54
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Edwards, Paris	50
Mrs. Golding, Stratford	50
Sec. Gifford, Simcoe	50
Capt. Mathers, St. Thomas	49
Capt. Hunter, Tilsonburg	47
Capt. Barrows, Bayfield	45
Fleming Brh, Berlin	45
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg	45

Bro. Palmer, London	41
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	38
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	37
Lieut. Bishop, Listowel	37
Mrs. Harris, London	37
Eva Simpson, Guelph	34
Capt. Carr, Wyoming	34
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgeway	32
Mother Catling, Essex	31
Mrs. Schwartz, Galt	30
Mrs. Steel, Petrolia	30
Mrs. Wakefield, Port Hope	30
Capt. Wiseman, Port Hope	30
Gertie Simpson, Guelph	30
Capt. Copeman, Thorndon	30
Capt. Haley, Ridgeway	30
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	30
Tress, Papp, Stratford	30
Bro. Haldine, Stratford	30
Capt. Williams, Galt	30
Lieut. Yeomans, Galt	30
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	30
Lieut. Winters, Palmerston	30
Mrs. Gooding, Galt	30
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	30
Mrs. Kerswell, Drayton	30
Sister Gordon, Paris	30
Sister McTearnt, Stratford	30
Lieut. Hartman, Ingersoll	30
Mrs. Dorell, Blenheim	30
Capt. Harkin, Norwich	30
Marshall Bonn, Wallaceburg	30
Mrs. McRoy, St. Thomas	30

Cadet Prier, Lippincott	55
S. M. Thompson, Hamilton	55
Sister Lighthart, Hamilton	55
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	52
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	52
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	50
Lieut. Christopher, North Bay	50
Capt. Hann, Aurora	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Barrack, Meaford	50
Tress, Everley, Oshawa	50
Lieut. McGregor, Riverside	50
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	50
Capt. Capner, Richmond St.	50
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Lieut. Leggett, Collingwood	50
Sergt. Rustin, Lissar St.	49
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	46
Capt. Sherwin, Hamilton	45
Lieut. Grenwell, Oshawa	45
Capt. Fisher, Sudbury	44
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	42
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	40
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	39
Cadet Carley, Lippincott	38
Adj. Gooding, Hamilton	38
Capt. Poole, Chelsey	38
Capt. Ream, Sudbury	31
Capt. Richmond, Bracebridge	32
Cadet Greenwood, Temple	32
Father Smith, Temple	32
Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton	30
Capt. Brooks, Kilmount	30
Capt. Creanor, Hamilton	30
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton	30
Capt. Huskinson, Midland	30
Lieut. Stickels, Midland	30
Capt. Nelson, Midland	30
Lieut. Marshall, Oshawa	30
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville	30
Mand Slater, Fenelon Falls	30
Corps Cadet Menzies, Fenelon Falls	28
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	25
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	25
Lieut. Stickels, Huntsville	25
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	25
Mrs. Moore, Lindsay	25
S. M. Mrs. Killingsbeck, Lindsay	25
Capt. McAnn, Oshawa	25
Lieut. Patterson, Oshawa	25
Sergt. Peares, Richmond St.	25
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	25
Cadet Hoole, Lippincott	25
Bro. Case, Hamilton	25
Sister Brown, Hamilton	25
Capt. Welch, Brampton	25
Cadet Bowers, Temple	25
Cadet Warren, Temple	25
Capt. M. Porter, Uxbridge	25
Sister Julian, Dovercourt	25
Ethel Smith, Dovercourt	25
S. M. Bowers, Lissar St.	25
Mrs. Cartmichael, Kilmount	25
Sergt. Trich, Lissar St.	25
Capt. Meeks, Dovercourt	25
Sergt. Mrs. Hartwick, Lindsay	25
Capt. Crogo, Gravenhurst	25
Capt. Rose, Yorkville	25
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	25
Lieut. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls	25
Mrs. Bowerman, Newmarket	25
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	25
Sergt. Mrs. Bone, Barrie	25
Capt. Cornish, Collingwood	25
Father Curry, Hamilton	25
Sister T. Bee, Hamilton	25
Capt. Brant, Oshawa	25
Capt. Conners, Dundas	25
Lieut. Poteruck, Dundas	25

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

75 Hustlers.	
Capt. Munford, Ottawa	237
Capt. French, Kingston	165
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	151
Adj. Kendall, Belleville	109
Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Ludlow, St. Albans	105
Capt. Brown, Burlington	100
Capt. Staunforth, Napanee	91
Adj. Oatley, Carleton Place	85
Capt. Goss, Prescott	85
Capt. Woods, Morrisburg	80
Capt. Birch, Brockville	80
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	80
Lieut. Yandaw, Brockville	79
Sergt. Major Veal, Barre	79
Mrs. Ensign Bone, Picton	79
Sergt. Rogers, Montford	75
Capt. Crogo, Kemptonville	75
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	70
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	70
Capt. Randall, Pembroke	68
Mrs. Pap Carter, Port Hope	68
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke	60
Bro. Moore, Montreal I.	60
Lieut. Thompson, Gannanque	58
Ensign Stanger, Gannanque	56
Cadet Hicks, Newport	50
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	50
Sergt. Richards, Montreal IV	50
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	50
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	48
Sergt. Perkins, Barre	48
Capt. Comstock, Colongue	46
Lieut. Lantz, Colongue	46
Bro. Shaver, Montreal	45
Ensign Bliss, Quebec	45
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	45
Lieut. Laugford, Amherst	42
Sergt. Simons, Kingston	42

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.	
Mrs. France, Temple	125
Bro. Bower, Lissar St.	77
S. M. Mrs. Schwarzfager, Lindsay	77
Capt. Wilson, Perry Sound	75
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	72
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Newmarket	70
Cadet Phillips, Lippincott	69
Adj. Higgins, Barrie	60

Staff-Capt. Burditt, Port Hope	55
Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	55
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Port Hope	55
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	52
Mrs. Capt. Bezzell, Port Hope	50
Sergt. Newell, Barre	50
Mrs. Capt. Green, Port Hope	50
Sister Louie, Montreal	50
Mrs. Pearson, Napanee	50
Mrs. Happers, Montreal	50
Sister A. Avey, Sherbrooke	50
Capt. Green, Port Hope	50
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	50
Capt. Dawson, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Cook, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Norman, Trenton	50
Sister Harrison, Port Hope	50
Sister Robinson, Trenton	50
Minnie Carey, Burlington	50
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	50
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal	50
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	50
Sister Brown, Montreal	50
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	50
Capt. Vance, Blenheim	50
Lieut. Weir, Millbrook	50
J. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	50
Sister Herman, Millbrook	50
Bro. Herman, Millbrook	50
Capt. Beardsell, Tescott	50
Capt. Slater, Renfrew	50
Sister Wentworth, Kingston	50
Bro. Vatcher, Quebec	50
Sergt. Raymo, Barre	50
Mark Speeney, Port Hope	50
Sister Wright, Port Hope	50
Capt. Crogo, Oshawa	50
Lieut. Dupont, Trenton	50
Lieut. Dickinson, Summit	50

## EAST vs. V.

### EASTERN PROVINCE.

118 Hustlers.	
J. McQueen, Moncton	55
Sergt. Ming, St. John	55
Capt. G. Thompson, Galt	55
P. S. M. Smith, W.	55
Capt. Bowering, West	55
Nash Flood, Hamilton	55
Mrs. Sellers, Hamilton	55
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth	55
Capt. Fleming, Summers	55
Capt. Kirk, St. John	55
Bro. Reid, St. John	55
Sergt. H. Long, Summers	55
Lieut. Jones, Woodville	55
Lieut. Lebars, Stollart	55
Mand Wilson, Halifax	55
Cadet Chandler, St. John	55
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	55
Father Armstrong, St. John	55
P. S. M. Warren, Chatham	55
Lieut. Deakin, Sackville	55
Lieut. Martineau, Hills	55
Mrs. Ensign Knight, P.	55
Adj. E. MacNanara, C.	55
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	55
Sergt. Lebars, Fredericton	55
Capt. Perry, St. John	55
Ensign Knight, St. John	55
Capt. Wilson, Charlotte	55
Capt. Laws, Charlotte	55
Lieut. Winchester, St. John	55
Lieut. Cameron, Charlottetown	55
Capt. Clark, Moncton	55
Lieut. Pemberton, Amherst	55
Sergt. Major Morrison, C.	55
Capt. Allen, Carleton	55
P. S. M. Hawkins, York	55
Capt. Fanevy, Pictou	55
Capt. Green, Sussex	55
P. Ordian, Fairville	55
A. Ramie, Bridgetown	55
Cadet Lebars, St. John	55
Capt. Brown, North Sydney	55
P. Oswald, Halifax I.	55
Lieut. McElhenny, New York	55
Lieut. Held, Hamilton	55
Ensign Jennings, Springfield	55
Capt. Ritchie, Springfield	55
Lieut. Northrup, Liverpool	55
Bro. Kowdell, Fredericton	55
Capt. Pterey, Sydney	55
Mrs. Mayble, Charlotte	55
Cadet Dwyer, St. John	55
Capt. Bradbury, Moncton	55
Lieut. Brown, Pictou	55
Lieut. Hawbold, Pictou	55
Sergt. S. Hodder, White Lake	55
Capt. Tiddien, Dickey	55
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	55
Capt. Levey, Pictou	55
Capt. Clark, Kentville	55
Lieut. Pothman, Kentville	55
Sister Morris, Pictou	55
Sergt. Wade, Hamilton	55
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton	55
Mrs. Santina, Hamilton	55
P. S. M. Kent, Bear River	55
Tress, Oliver, Carleton	55
Sister Parks, Carleton	55
Capt. Armstrong, North	55
Lieut. Bond, Summers	55
Adj. Byers, St. John	55
Sergt. Potts, New Glasgow	55
Capt. Cadet, McNew	55
Ensign, Carleton	55
Sergt. M. Lyons, Fredericton	55



40	Cadet Price, Lippincott	53
41	S. M. Thompson, Hamilton I.	53
42	Sister Lightheart, Hamilton I.	53
43	S. M. Hinton, Onville	52
44	Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	51
45	Capt. Culbert, North Bay	50
46	Lieut. Christopher, North Bay	50
47	Capt. Hanna, Aurora	50
48	Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
49	Capt. Barrack, Meaford	50
50	Trans. Everley, Oshawa	50
51	Lieut. McGregor, Riverside	50
52	Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	50
53	Capt. Capper, Richmond St.	50
54	Eugene Walker, Richmond St.	50
55	Lieut. Leggett, Collingwood	50
56	Sergeant Austin, Ligar St.	49
57	Sergeant Stevens, St. Catharines	48
58	Capt. Sherwin, Orillia	45
59	Lieut. Greavott, Orillia	45
60	Capt. Fisher, Sudbury	44
61	Sergeant Kane, St. Catharines	42
62	Capt. Stoddard, Riverside	40
63	S. M. Byers, Bracebridge	39
64	Cadet Curley, Lippincott	36
65	Adj. Goodwin, Hamilton I.	35
66	Capt. Poole, Cheshy	35
67	Capt. Henne, Sudbury	31
68	Capt. Richmond, Bracebridge	31
69	Cadet Greenwood, Temple	30
70	Father Dixon, Temple	32
71	Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	31
72	Capt. Brooks, Kinnouit	30
73	Capt. Croemer, Hamilton I.	30
74	Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	30
75	Capt. Hutchinson, Midland	30
76	Capt. Stickells, Midland	30
77	Capt. Nelson, Brampton	30
78	Lieut. Marshall, Omenace	30
79	Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville	30
80	Maud Slater, Fenelon Falls	29
81	Charles Cadet, Menzies, Fenelon Falls	29
82	Mrs. Gilles, Yorkville	28
83	Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	25
84	Lieut. Stickells, Huntsville	25
85	Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	25
86	Mrs. Moore, Lindsay	25
87	S. M. Mrs. Kilgoback, Lindsay	25
88	Capt. McCann, Oshawa	25
89	Lieut. Patterson, Oshawa	25
90	Sergeant Peavoy, Richmond St.	25
91	Sergeant E. Howell, Riverside	25
92	Cadet Hoole, Lippincott	25
93	Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	25
94	Sister Brown, Hamilton I.	25
95	Capt. Welch, Brampton	25
96	Cadet Brown, Temple	24
97	Cadet Warren, Temple	24
98	Capt. M. Porter, Uxbridge	24
99	Sister Julian, Duncourt	24
100	Elmer Smith, Duncourt	24
101	S. M. Bowers, Ligar St.	22
102	Mrs. Courtmanche, Kinnouit	22
103	Sergeant Tuck, Ligar St.	20
104	Capt. Meeks, Duncourt	20
105	Sergeant Mrs. Hartwick, Lindsay	20
106	Capt. Gregg, Gravenhurst	20
107	Capt. Rose, Yorkville	20
108	Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	20
109	Lieut. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls	20
110	Mrs. Bowerman, Newmarket	20
111	Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
112	Sergeant Mrs. Hony, Barrie	20
113	Capt. Cornish, Collingwood	20
114	Father Curry, Hamilton I.	20
115	Sister T. Gee, Hamilton I.	20
116	Capt. Brant, Omenace	20
117	Capt. Connors, Dundas	20
118	Lieut. Penneck, Dundas	20

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

78 Hustlers.

120	Capt. Mumford, Ottawa	267
121	Capt. French, Kingston	165
122	Sergeant Dudley, Ottawa	131
123	Adj. Kendall, Belleville	109
124	Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
125	Lieut. Laddow, St. Albans	105
126	Capt. Brown, Hazelton	100
127	Capt. Stainforth, Napanee	91
128	Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	90
129	Capt. Grosse, Prescott	85
130	Capt. Woods, Morrisburg	80
131	Capt. Bartch, Brockville	80
132	Sister Robinson, Peterboro	80
133	Lieut. Yandaw, Brockville	79
134	Sergeant-Major Veal, Barre	79
135	Mrs. Ensign Jones, Picton	70
136	Sergeant Rogers, Montreal I.	75
137	Capt. Gregg, Kemptonville	75
138	Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	70
139	Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	70
140	Capt. Randall, Pembroke	68
141	Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope	60
142	Capt. Hindley, Sherbrooke	60
143	Bro. Moore, Montreal I.	56
144	Lieut. Thompson, Gannongue	56
145	Eugene Stalger, Gannongue	56
146	Cadet Hicks, Newport	51
147	Lieut. Carter, Burlington	50
148	Sergeant Richards, Montreal IV.	50
149	Sergeant Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	50
150	Capt. Yake, Deseronto	47
151	Sergeant Perkins, Barre	48
152	Capt. Comstock, Cobourg	46
153	Lieut. Lang, Cobourg	46
154	Bro. Slaver, Montreal I.	45
155	Eugene Hoes, Quebec	45
156	Sergeant Thompson, Belleville	45
157	Lieut. Lougford, Arnprior	42
158	Sergeant Simons, Kingston	42

Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	41
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	40
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barre	40
Sergeant Barber, Kingston	40
Mrs. Capt. Beardsley, Fwood	40
Sergeant Newell, Barre	35
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	35
Sister Logie, Montreal I.	35
Mrs. Pearson, Napanee	31
Mrs. Hippen, Montreal I.	33
Sister A. Avey, Sherbrooke	30
Capt. Green, Perth	30
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	30
Capt. Dawson, Contrecoque	30
Capt. Cook, Contrecoque	30
Lieut. Nozama, Trenton	28
Sister Harrison, Peterboro	28
Sister Robinson, Trenton	25
Minnie Carey, Burlington	25
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	25
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal I.	25
Stow Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Sister Brown, Montreal I.	25
Capt. Wilson, Perth	25
Capt. Vance, Bloomfield	21
Lieut. Weir, Millbrook	21
J. S. S. M. Kinsell, Millbrook	21
Sister Horner, Millbrook	20
Bro. Horner, Millbrook	20
Capt. Beardsley, Tweed	20
Capt. Slater, Renfrew	20
Sister Westworth, Kingston	20
Bro. Vatcher, Quebec	20
Sergeant Rayner, Peterboro	20
Mark Specney, Peterboro	20
Sister Wright, Peterboro	20
Capt. Wright, Oshawa	20
Lieut. Dunnett, Trenton	20
Lieut. Hickman, Sunbury	20

## EAST vs. WEST.

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

118 Hustlers.

J. McQueen, Moncton	135
Sergeant Ming, St. John I.	130
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay	130
P. S. S. M. Smith, Windsor	125
Capt. Bowring, Westville	105
South Flood, Hamilton	10
Mrs. Saliers, Hamilton	10
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth	8
Capt. Fleming, Summerside	7
Capt. Kirk, St. John I.	7
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	7
Sergeant D. Long, Summerside	7
Lieut. Jones, Westville	7
Lieut. Leclerc, Stellarton	7
Maud Wilson, Halifax I.	7
Capt. Chandler, St. John I.	7
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	7
Father Armstrong, St. John I.	6
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	6
Lieut. Deakin, Sackville	6
Lieut. Maribough, Hillsboro	6
Mrs. Ensign Kinsell, Oshawa	5
Adj. E. MacNamara, Charlottetown	5
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	5
Sergeant Leclerc, Fredericton	5
Capt. Perry, St. John I.	5
Ensign Knight, St. John I.	5
Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown	5
Capt. Laws, Charlottetown	5
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	5
Lieut. Cameron, Combing	5
Capt. Clark, Moncton	5
Sergeant-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	5
Capt. Allan, Carleton	5
P. S. M. Hawkins, Yarmouth	5
Capt. Finney, Picton	5
Capt. Green, Sussex	5
C. Durian, Antville	5
Adj. Welch, Summerside	5
Capt. Leclerc, St. John I.	5
Capt. Brown, North Sydney	5
C. Conrad, Halifax I.	5
Capt. McElhenny, New Glasgow	5
Lieut. Hebb, Hazelton	5
Ensign Jennings, Springfield	5
Capt. Ritchie, Springfield	5
Lieut. Netting, Liverpool	5
Bro. Randall, Fredericton	5
Capt. Flacey, Sydney	5
Mrs. Myler, Charlottetown	5
Cadet Freyer, St. John I.	5
Capt. Brudbury, Moncton	5
Lieut. Brown, Picton	5
Lieut. Havelock, Digby	5
Sergeant S. Holden, Windsor	5
Lieut. Trotton, Digby	5
Mrs. Placer, Hamilton	5
Corn. Lovely, Summerside	5
Capt. Clark, Kentville	5
Lieut. Peckham, Kentville	5
Sister Morris, Summerside	5
Sergeant Wade, Hamilton	5
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton	5
Mrs. Santura, Hamilton	5
P. S. M. Kent, Bear River	5
Trans. Olive, Carleton	5
Sister Parks, Carleton	5
Capt. Armstrong, North Head	5
Leah Rowan, Summerside	5
Adj. Byers, St. John I.	5
Sergeant Pettis, New Glasgow	5
Capt. Cadet McKendie, New Glasgow	5
Sergeant M. Lyons, Fredericton	5

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

31 Hustlers.

Cadet Gaudin, Winnipeg	152
Lieut. Nuttall, Winnipeg	152
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	152
P. S. S. M. Cook, Fargo	152
Lieut. Cook, Brandon	84
Mrs. Saliers, Hamilton	84
Cadet Gaudin, Winnipeg	152
Lieut. Nuttall, Winnipeg	152
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	152
P. S. S. M. Cook, Fargo	152
Lieut. Cook, Brandon	84
Mrs. Saliers, Hamilton	84

Capt. Perremond, Kallispell	30
Sister M. Vehn, Butte	28
Sister Kerby, Vancouver	28
Sister Mrs. Deardon, Victoria	25
Sister A. Mortimer, Victoria	24
Sister Winford, Livingston	22
Sister Shinn, Livingston	21
Sergeant-Major Cameron, Rossland	21
Capt. Haas, Revelstoke	20
Sister Noble, Revelstoke	20
Sister Monteth, Dillon	20
Sister Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	20
Sergeant Denny, Great Falls	20

## NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

13 Hustlers.

Cadet Cummings, St. John I.	46
Cadet Tiller, St. John I.	44
Cadet Howse, St. John I.	35
Cadet Oldford, St. John I.	30
Sergeant Mrs. Cook, St. John I.	25
Sergeant Bessie Hiseock, St. John I.	25
Sergeant Mary Rose, St. John I.	25
Cadet Wiltshire, Heart's Delight	21
Sergeant Mrs. Paddel, St. John I.	20
Cadet May, St. John I.	20
Sergeant Shook, St. John I.	20
Sergeant-Major Ebsary, St. John I.	20
Sergeant Alex. Hand, St. John I.	20

## KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj. McGill, Skagway	125
Adj. McGill, Skagway	67

## ANOTHER CHANCE.

## A Lyric from Life's Monodrama.

Come, give me back my life again, you  
heavy-limbed Death!  
I've sought your fingers from my throat,  
and let me draw my breath.  
You do me wrong to take me now—  
soon let me die—

They follow Christ, but far away; they  
wander and they doubt.  
I'll serve Him in a better way, and live  
His precepts out.

You see, I've waited just for this; I  
could not be content  
To own a feeble, faltering faith with  
human weakness about.  
Too many runners in the race move slow-  
ly, stumble, fall;  
But I will run so straight, and swift I  
shall outstrip them all.

Oh, think what it will mean to men,  
amid their feeble strife,  
To see the clear, unshadowed light of  
one true Christian life.  
Without a touch of selfishness, without  
a taint of sin—  
With one short month of such a life a  
new world would begin!

And love—I often dream of that the  
treasure of the earth:  
How little they who use the coin have  
realized its worth!  
"Till pay all debts, enrich all hearts,  
and make all joys secure.

But love, to do its perfect work, must  
be sincere and pure.  
My heart is full of virgin gold. I'll pour  
it out and save  
My hidden wealth, with lavish hand, on  
all who will be true.  
Not one shall miss the kindly deed, the  
largeness of relief,  
The generous fellowship of joy, the  
sympathy of grief.

I'll give the loyal,  
I'll make life  
I'll pay



### Out on the Promise.

Time. Oh, turn ye (H.B. 19, B.J. 5th).

1 Oh, soldier of Jesus, how blessed art thou,  
For Jesus is waiting to strengthen thee now;  
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,  
Step out on the promise—get under the Blood.

Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!  
For ye shall be filled; oh, hear that sweet voice,  
Inviting you now to the banquet of love,  
Step out on the promise—get under the Blood.

Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?  
Oh, poor, troubled soul! there's a promise for thee;  
Thou shalt rest, weary one, in the bosom of God;  
Step out on the promise—get under the Blood.

Who won't step, though each  
one get under that  
God's  
under

The Lord is near when foes appear  
And hide us not to fear,  
But light the light for God and right,  
He'll keep the pathway clear;  
Then, when we come to die, we'll shout  
our battle cry,  
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as  
snow.

### Push on, Comrades.

Times.—On to conquer (H.B. 7th; W.C. all shout Hallelujah (H.B. 26).

4 Oh, my comrades in the fight,  
Who are struggling for the right,  
Never falter, though the battle may  
be long;

If we pull together well  
We shall conquer death and hell,  
So in faith we'll push the chariot along.

### Chorus.

Push on, comrades, in the battle,  
Our great King will make us strong;  
In the soldier's home on high  
We'll be wealthy by-and-by,  
If we boldly push the chariot along.

Push the battle on in love,  
There's a shining crown above,  
If we faithful to the finish shall endure;  
So we'll dare to do the right,  
And we'll conquer in the fight,  
Till in heaven all our sufferings will be  
over.

Push the battle on with prayer,  
Let the news go everywhere,  
That Emmanuel shall yet reign over all;  
Black, and white, and every kind,  
Shall a loving Saviour find,  
And the nations shall come bowing at  
His end.

Push the battle on with force,  
Till we over Jordan cross,  
To the country where our comrades are  
gone;  
Who have fought the fight and won,  
And have heard the glad "Well done!"  
Till with them we praise the Saviour  
round the throne.

### Life's Little Day.

Times. Nay, but I yield (H.B. 3th; P.S. every stain made clean (H.B. 8th).

5 A few more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb.

### Chorus.

Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood  
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild, rocky shore;  
And we shall be where tempests cease  
And surges swell no more.

A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings dear,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall sleep no more.

A few more Sabbaths here,  
Shall cheer us on our way;  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
On eternal Sabbath day.

### Come, Sinners!

Time. Come, sinners, to Jesus (H.B. 10, S.M. 1, 263).

6 Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer  
delay,  
A free, full salvation is offered to-  
day,  
Arise, all ye bond-slaves, awake from  
your dream,  
Believe, and the light and the glory  
shall stream.

### Chorus.

For the conquering Saviour shall break  
every chain,  
And give us the victory again and again  
The world will oppose you, and Satan  
will rage,  
To hinder your coming they both will  
engage;

But Jesus, your Saviour, has conquered  
for you,  
And He will assist you to conquer them  
too.

To each touch he the lightning and  
thunder arise,  
There are mansions of glory prepared in  
the skies;  
A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall  
claim,  
And laurels of victory are waiting for  
you.

When death's shadowy valley Christ calls,  
you to tread,  
A halo of glory around you He'll shed,  
His presence shall cheer you as truly  
you pray,  
And angels in glory shall bear you away.

### Since I the Saviour Found.

7 To find true peace and happiness,  
I woefully pleasures tried;  
But they an aching heart did leave  
me.

A heavy heart beside  
I built two castles in the air,  
Which soon fell to the ground;  
I never got true satisfaction,  
Till I the Saviour found.

(Repeat the last two lines for chorus)  
One night I wandered down the street,  
So weary with my sin;  
The things around looked black as night,  
And all was dark within,  
Just then I heard the Army band,  
As they came marching round  
I followed them into the barracks,  
Where I the Saviour found.

And now I'm in the Army too,  
And with them march and sing;  
Where'er I go I tell poor sinners  
Of Christ, the Saviour-King,  
The joy I feel I can't express,  
'Tis shining all around;  
My life's been full of joy and gladness,  
Since I the Saviour found.

Staff-Capt. P. A. T.



### To Heaven from North Sydney

Bro. Willie Cann, who has been a  
soldier of this camp for almost three  
years, has gone home to be with Jesus.  
After two years of suffering, he at last  
received the message, "Come up higher."  
He will be missed here, but we believe  
that our loss is heaven's gain. A. R.

### WITH JESUS.

Today, as we laid him beneath the sod,  
And bade adieu to the new-made grave,  
We knew he had passed through the  
poorly gates,  
Far over the chilly wave.

Beyond the cold, damp mist of death,  
He saw the summer land;  
In the valley of shadows he feared not  
to tread,  
While Jesus held his hand.

Loved ones came down to the river's  
bank,  
But they could not cross the tide,  
"I'll be watching for you," were the  
words he said,  
As he passed to the other side.

In his earthly home is a vacant chair,  
And a dream one gone for aye;  
But we'll meet him where our God's own  
hand  
Shall wipe all tears away.